CHRISTMAS CAROLS WITH MUSIC.

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Section

CHRISTMAS CAROLS:

NEW AND OLD.

THE WORDS EDITED BY THE

REV. HENRY RAMSDEN BRAMLEY, M. A.,

FELLOW OF SAINT MARY MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

JOHN STAINER, M. A., MUS. DOC.,

ORGANIST TO THE SAME COLLEGE.

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PREFACE.

THE following collection of CHRISTMAS CAROLS, New and Old, has been formed with the purpose of providing a single source from which all who are so disposed may draw songs suitable in sentiment and style for the sacred and joyous season of our Lord's Nativity.

The Editors and their friends have used every effort to obtain traditional Carol Tunes and Words which have escaped the researches of previous collectors. Some pieces of this character are, as they believe, here presented to the public.

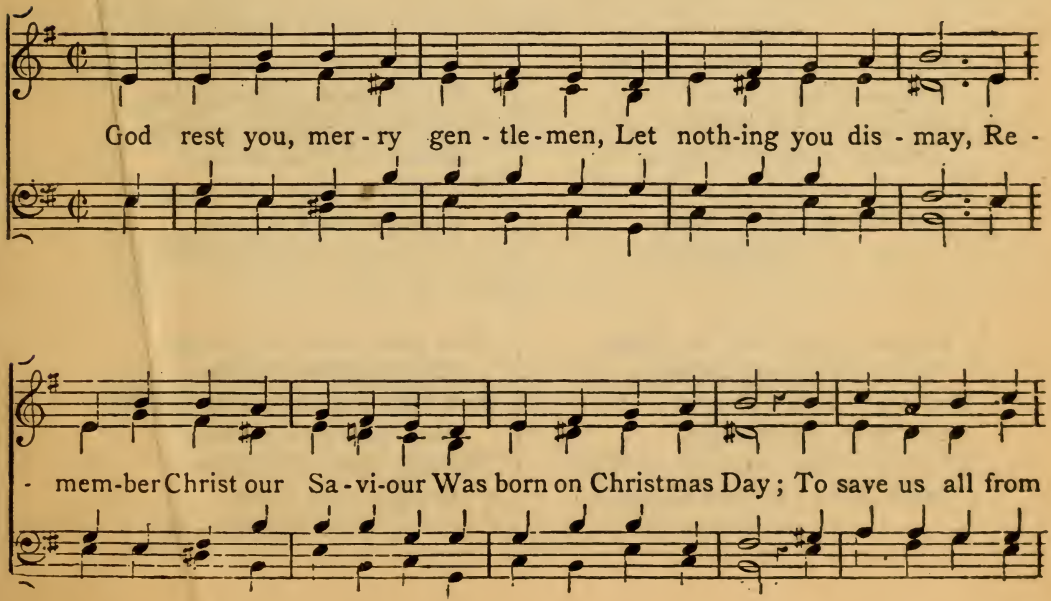
With them are joined a selection of the best and most popular Melodies already published, together with a number of Original Compositions by eminent Musicians.

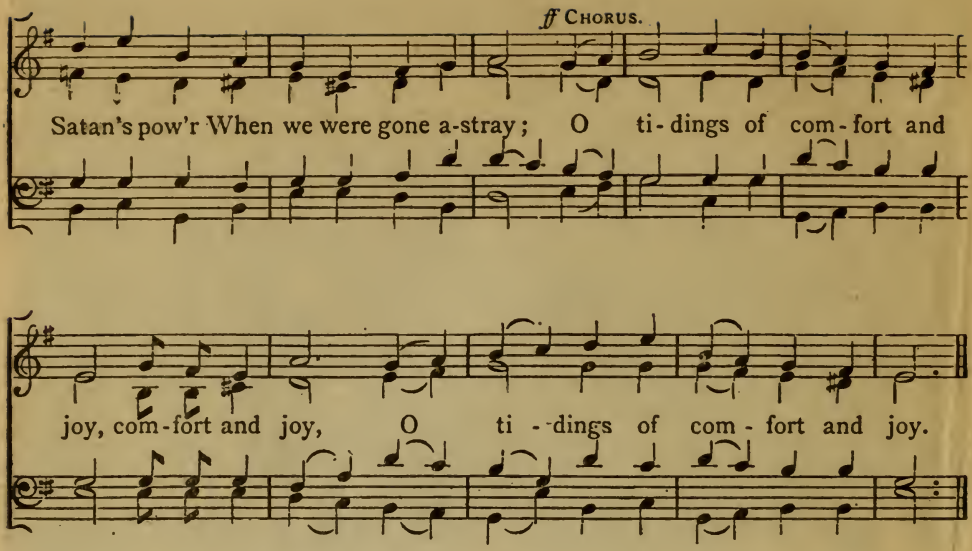
The Editors hope that this collection of Carols of various kinds may promote and elevate, amongst different classes of persons, the time-honored and delightful custom of welcoming with strains of harmony the Birthday of the HOLY CHILD.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
	Frontispiece.	
I.	*God rest you, merry Gentlemen*	2
II.	*The Manger Throne*	4
III.	*A Virgin unspotted*	6
IV.	*Come, ye lofty*	8
V.	*Come, tune your heart*	10
VI.	*The first Nowell*	12
VII.	*Jesu, hail!*	14
VIII.	*Good Christian men, rejoice*	16
IX.	*Sleep, holy Babe*	18
X.	*Good King Wenceslas*	20
XI.	*When I view the Mother holding*	22
XII.	*The seven joys of Mary*	28
XIII.	*On the Birthday of the Lord*	30
XIV.	*What Child is this?*	32
XV.	*Glorious, beauteous, golden-bright*	34
XVI.	*Waken! Christian children*	36
XVII.	*A Child this day is born*	38
XVIII.	*Carol for Christmas Eve*	40
XIX.	*When Christ was born of Mary free*	42
XX.	*'Twas in the Winter cold*	44
XXI.	*A Carol for Christmas Eve*	46
XXII.	*Jesus in the Manger*	48
XXIII.	*The Holly and the Ivy*	50
XXIV.	*The Waits' Song*	52
XXV.	*The Virgin and Child*	53
XXVI.	*The Incarnation*	56
XXVII.	*Christmas Day*	58
XXVIII.	*The Cherry Tree Carol*	60
XXIX.	*God's dear Son*	62
XXX.	*Hymn for Christmas Day*	64
XXXI.	*The Babe of Bethlehem*	66
XXXII.	*In Bethlehem, that noble place*	68
XXXIII.	*A Cradle-Song of the Blessed Virgin*	70
XXXIV.	*Christmas Song*	72
XXXV.	*Jacob's Ladder*	74
XXXVI.	*The Story of the Shepherd*	76
XXXVII.	*The Wassail Song*	78
XXXVIII.	*In terrâ Pax*	80
XXXIX.	*Dives and Lazarus*	84
XL.	*From far away*	86
XLI.	*Carol for Christmas Day*	88
XLII.	*The Child Jesus in the Garden*	90

1. ## God rest you, merry Gentlemen.





2.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed Morn;
The which His Mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tidings, &c.

3.

From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came;
And unto certain Shepherds,
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born;
The Son of God by Name.
O tidings, &c.

4.

"Fear not then," said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those that trust in Him
From Satan's power and might."
O tidings, &c.

5.

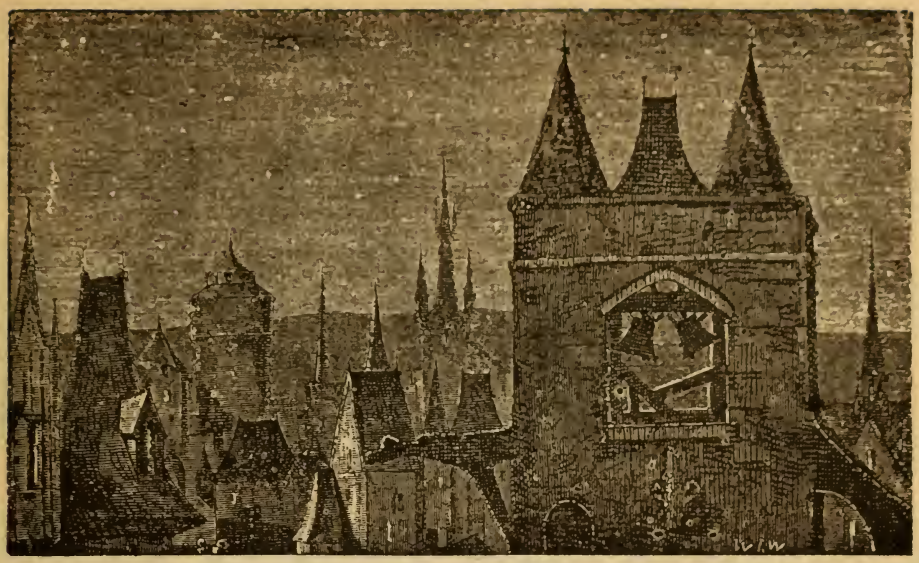
The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.
O tidings, &c.

6.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, &c.

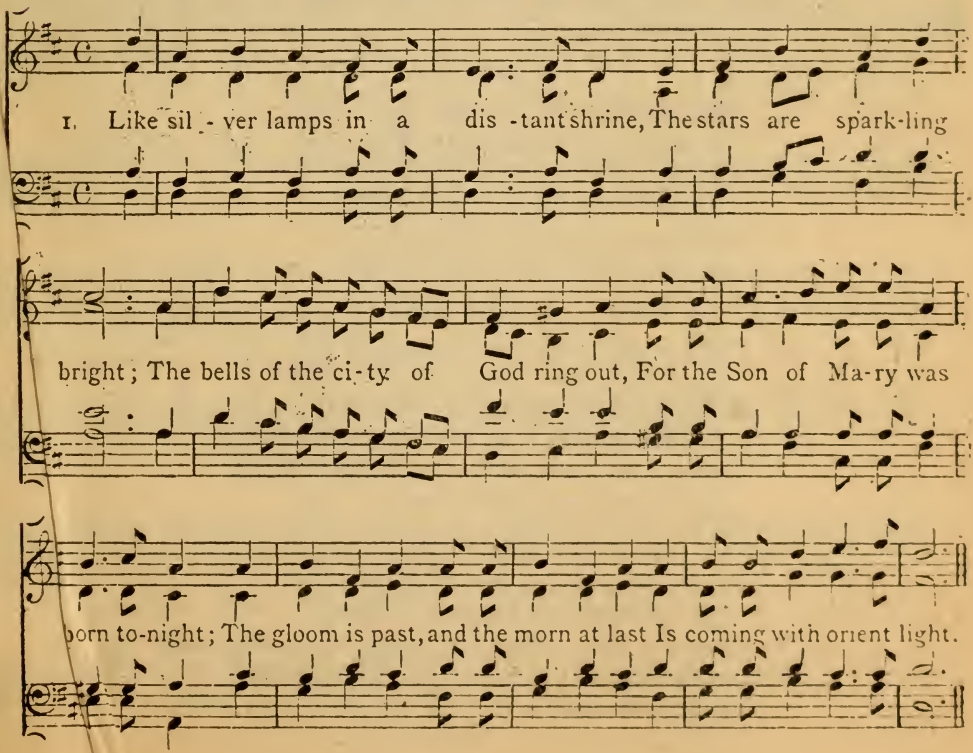
7.

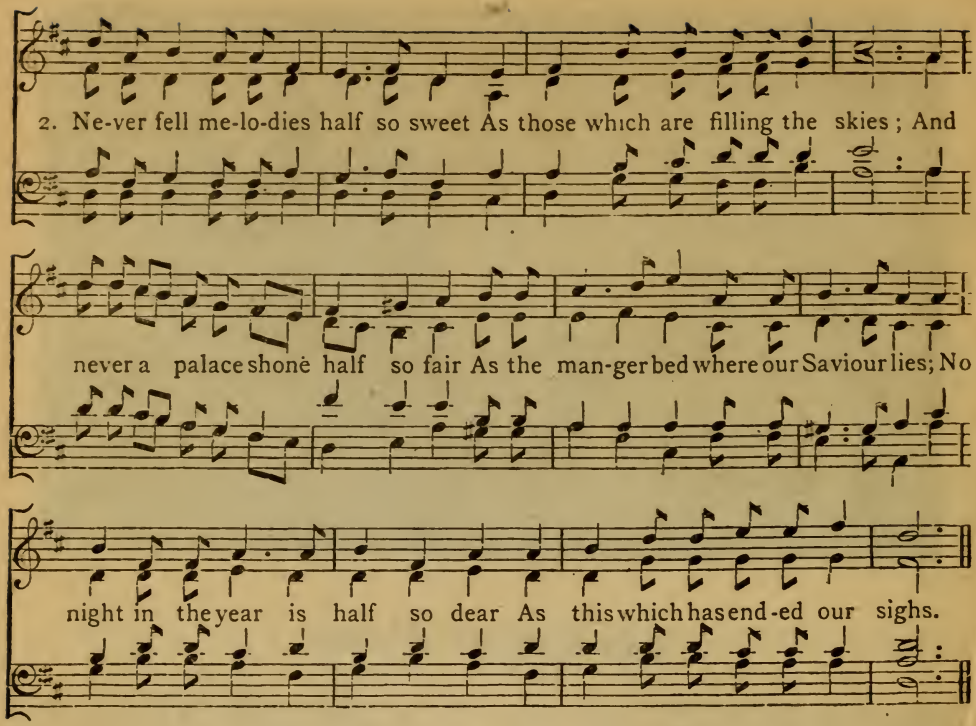
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
The holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings, &c.



II.

The Manger Throne.





3. (*as v.* 2.)

Now a new Power has come on the earth,
  A match for the armies of Hell:
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
  And all the spirits of wickedness quell:
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
  Whom the prophets of God foretell.

4. (*as v.* 1.)

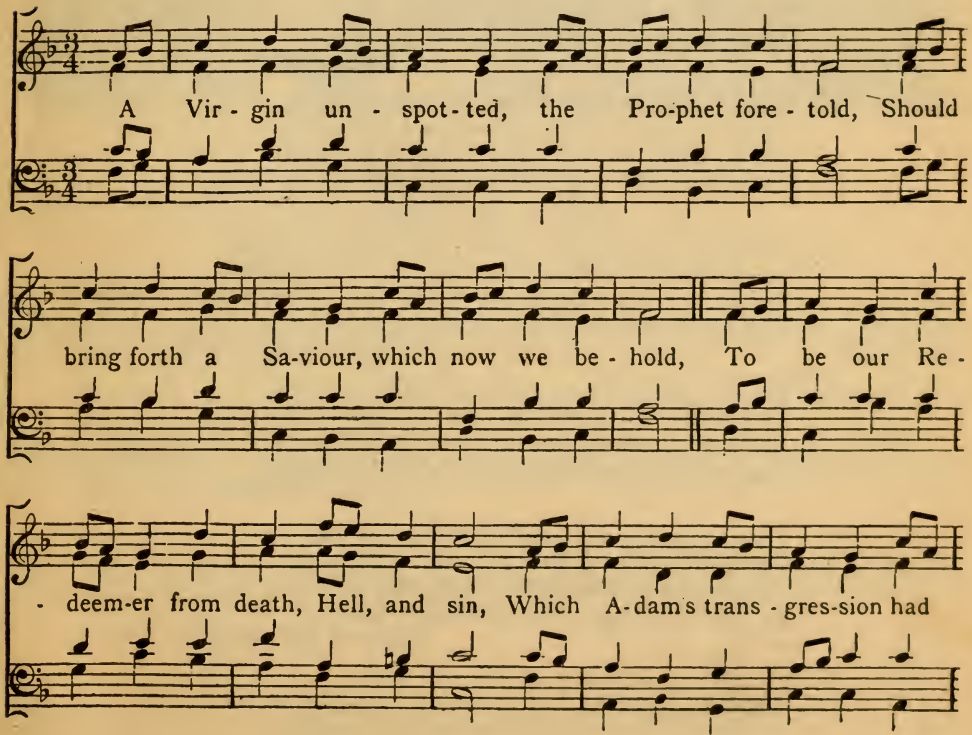
The stars of heaven still shine as at first
  They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
  And the Angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
  Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

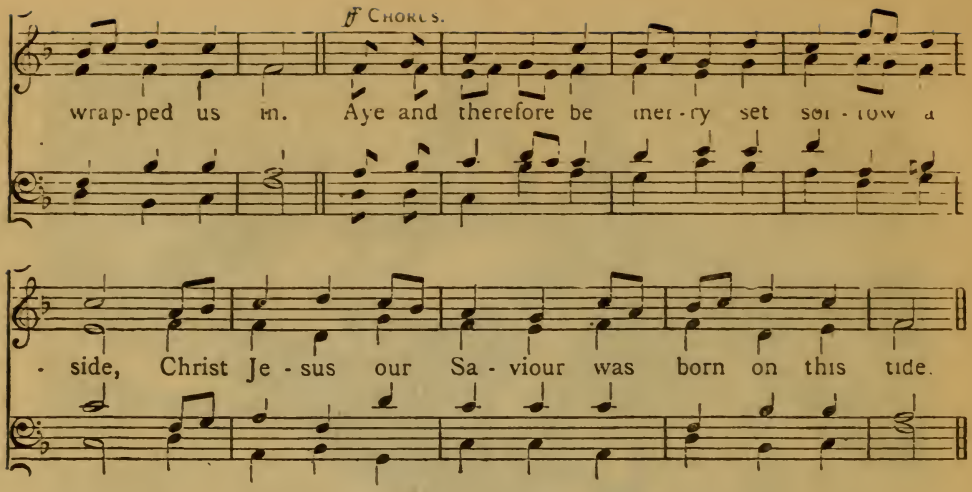
5. (*as v.* 1.)

Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
  The pavement of sapphire is there;
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world;
  And Angels of God are crowding the air;
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
  Are at peace on this night so fair.

III.

A Virgin unspotted.





2. At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxed with many one moe,
Great Cesar commanded the same should be so.
Aye and therefore, &c.

3. But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.
Aye and therefore, &c.

4. Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
Where horses and asses they used for to tie:
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.
Aye and therefore, &c.

5. The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was sought,
But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid Him to sleep.
Aye and therefore, &c.

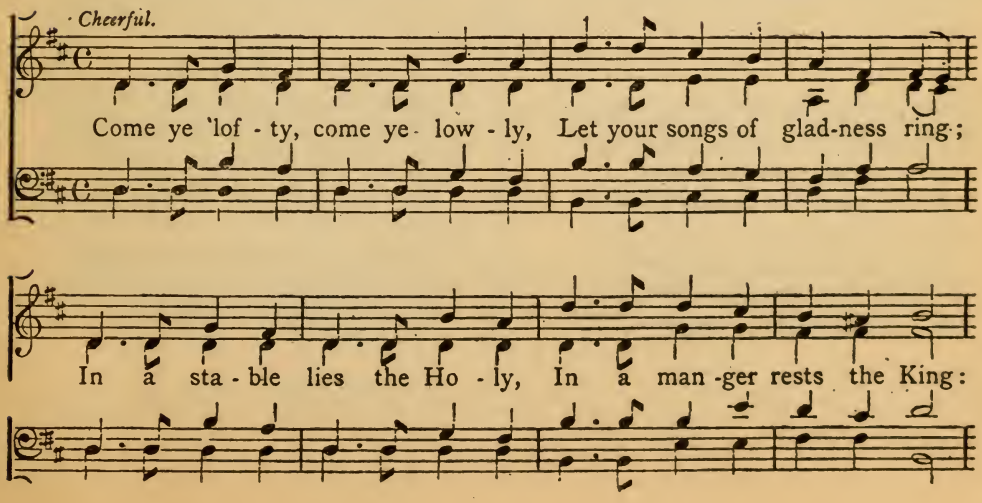
6. Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.
Aye and therefore, &c.

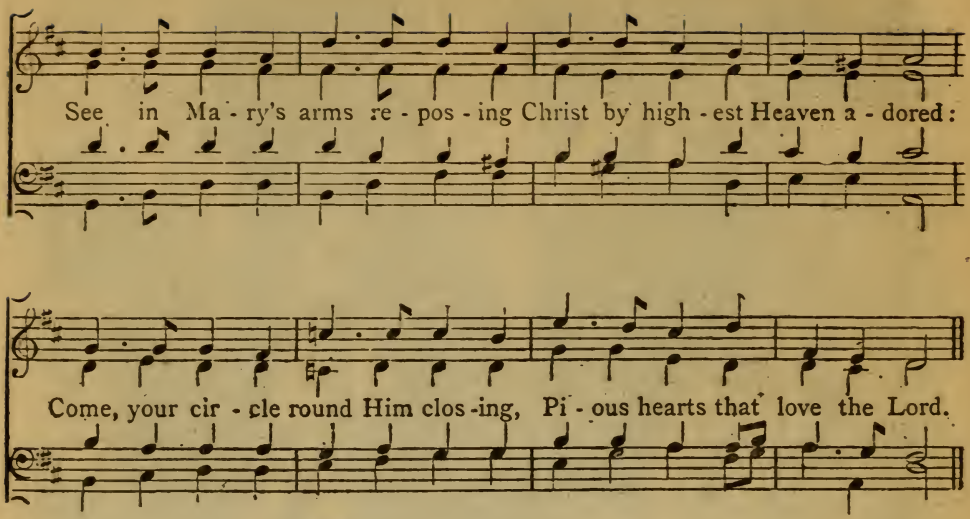
7. Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of Angels to stand in the sky;
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.
Aye and therefore, &c.

8 To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun:
A manger His cradle who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.
Aye and therefore, &c.

IV.

Come ye lofty.





2.

Come ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them;
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the Shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3.

Come ye children blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

4.

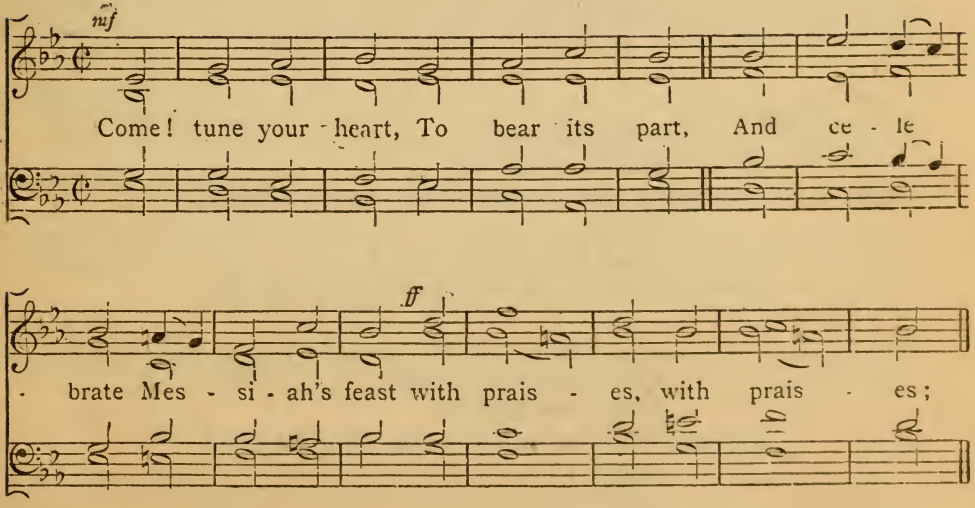
High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far:
Come glad hearts, and spirits pining—
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love, and faith and praise;
Come ye people, come ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

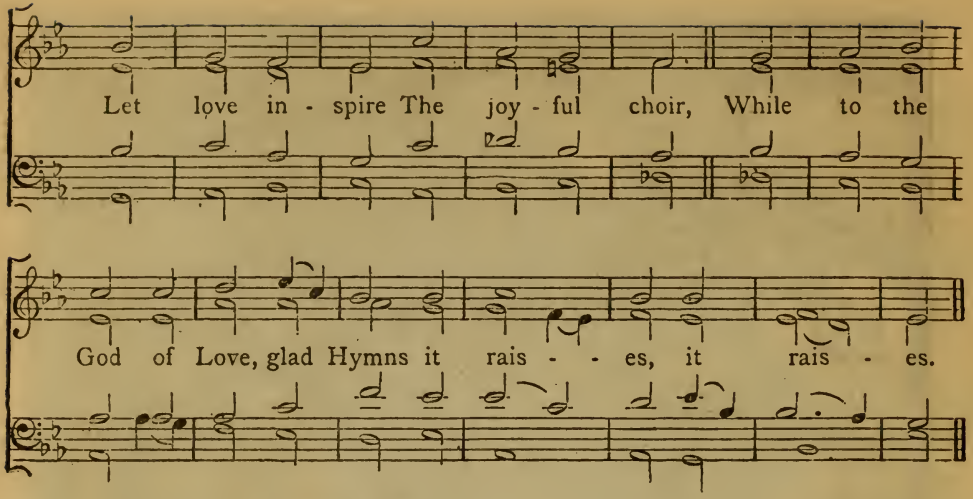
5.

Hark the Heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts too singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

v

Come! tune your heart.





2.

Exalt His Name;
With joy proclaim,
God loved the world, and through His Son forgave us;
Oh! what are we,
That, Lord, we see
Thy wondrous love, in Christ who died to save us!

3.

Your refuge place
In His free grace,
Trust in His Name, and day by day repent you;
Ye mock God's word,
Who call Him Lord,
And follow not the pattern He hath lent you.

4.

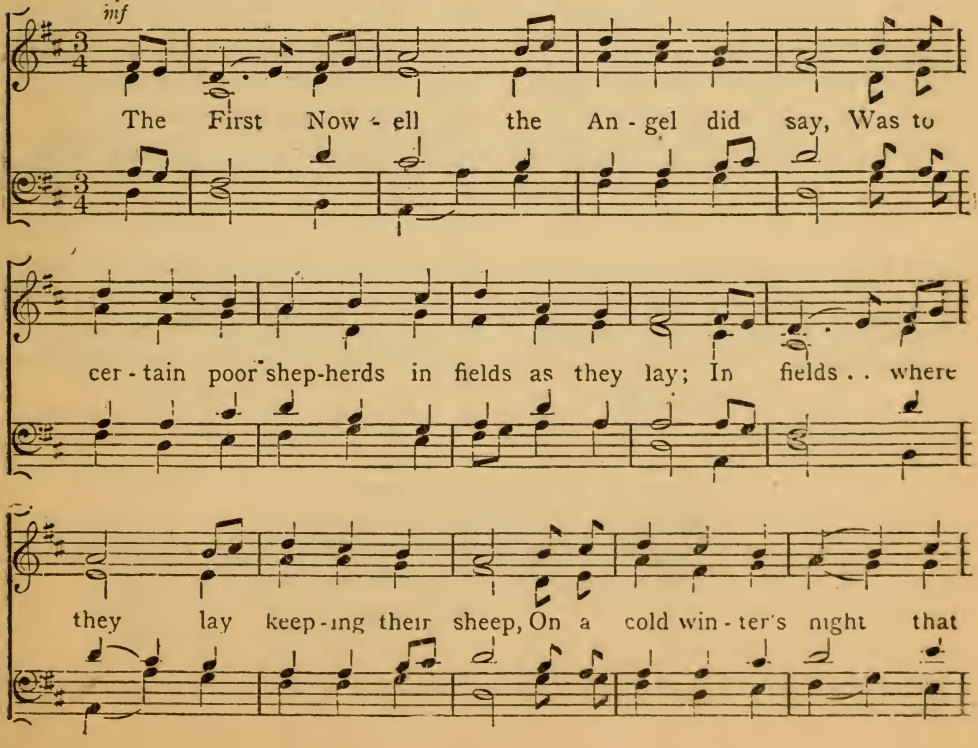
O Christ, to prove
For Thee, my love,
In brethren Thee my hands shall clothe and cherish;
To each sad heart
Sweet Hope impart,
When worn with care, with sorrow nigh to perish.

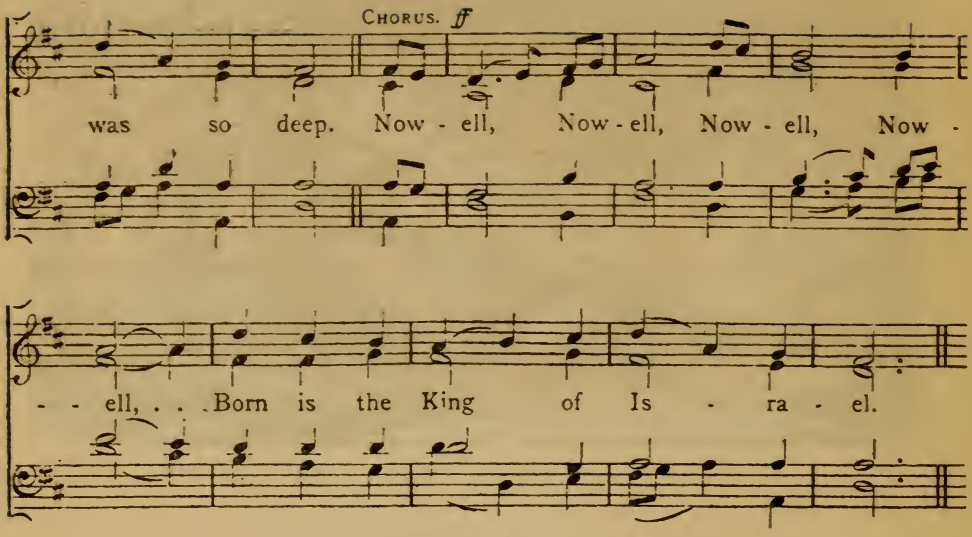
5.

Come! praise the Lord;
In Heaven are stored
Rich gifts for those who here His Name esteemed,
Alleluia;
Alleluia;
Rejoice in Christ, and praise Him ye redeemed.

VI.

The First Nowell.





2.

They looked up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, &c.

3.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Nowell, &c.

4.

This Star drew nigh to the North-West,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, &c.

5.

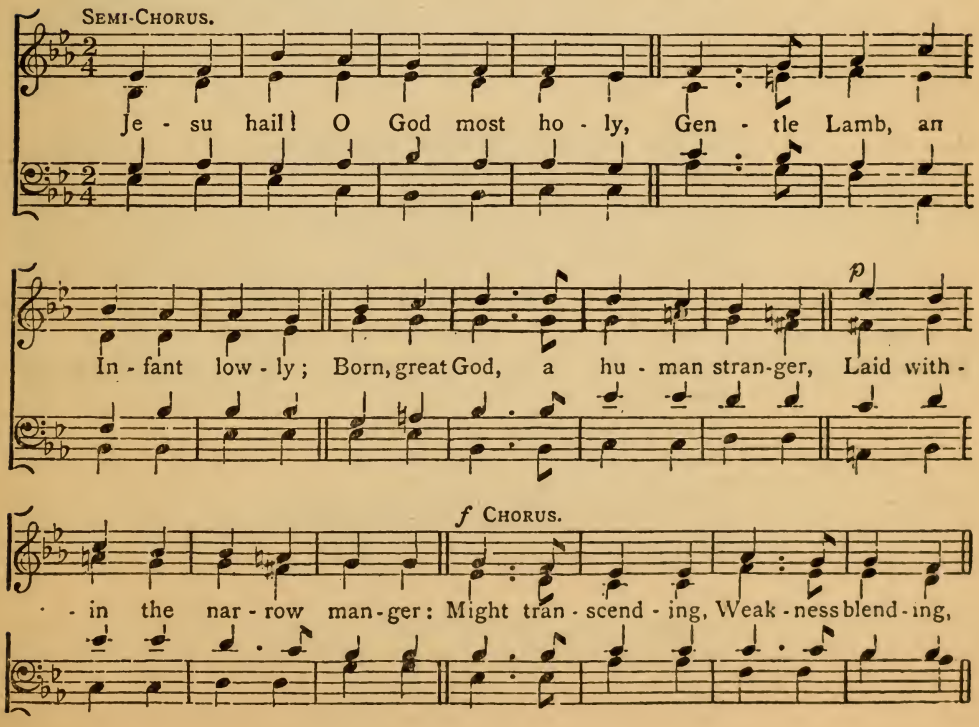
Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, &c.

6.

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of naught,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, &c.

VII.

Jesu hail! O God most holy.



2.

To enrich my desolation,
To redeem me from damnation,
Wrapt in swathing-bands Thou liest,
Thou in want and weakness sighest:
Might transcending, &c.

3.

Low abased, where brutes are sleeping,
God's beloved Son is weeping;
Judge supreme, true Godhead sharing,
Sinner's likeness for us wearing!
Might transcending, &c.

4.

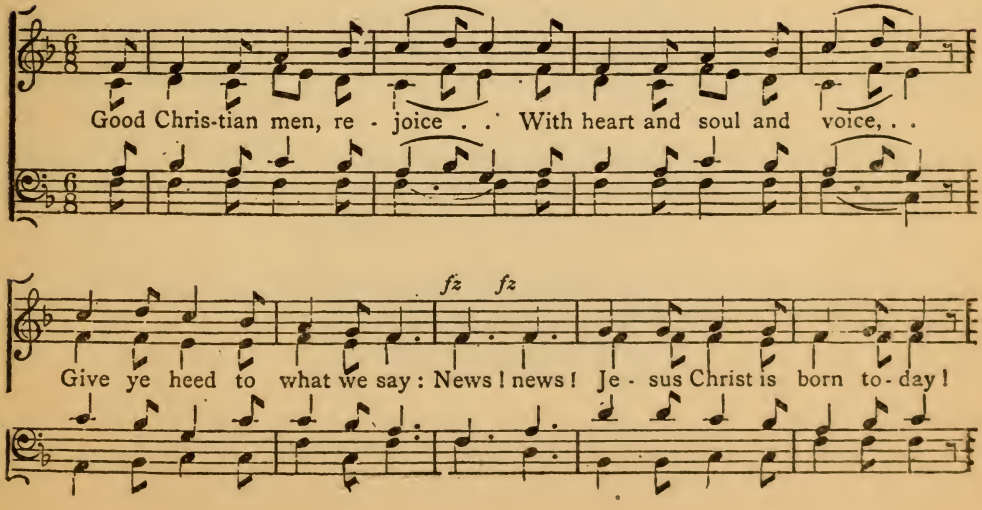
Jesu, Thine my heart is solely;
Draw it, take it to Thee wholly:
With Thy sacred Fire illume me,
Let it inwardly consume me,
Might transcending, &c.

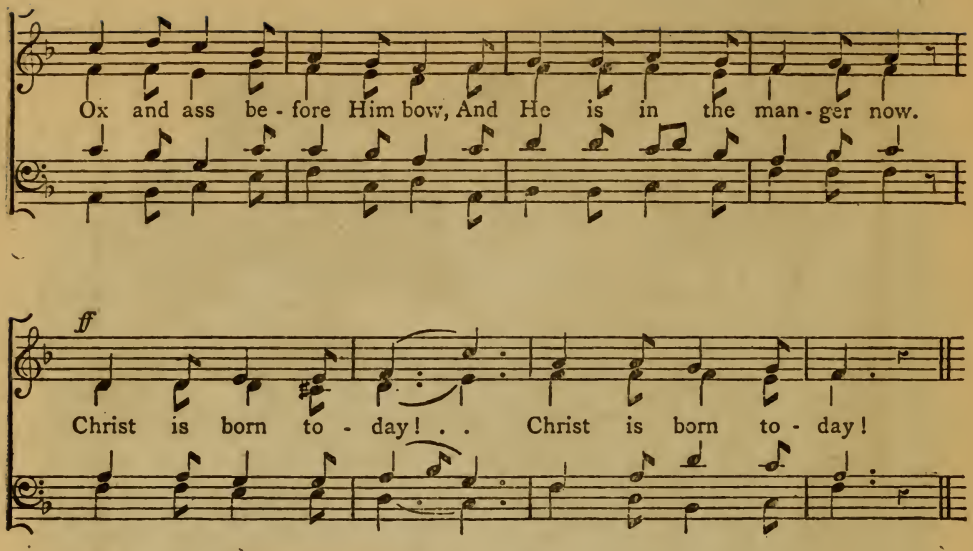
5.

Hence let idle fancies vanish,
Hence all evil passions banish;
Make me like Thyself in meekness,
Bind to Thee my human weakness,
Might transcending, &c.

VIII.

Good Christian men, rejoice.





2.

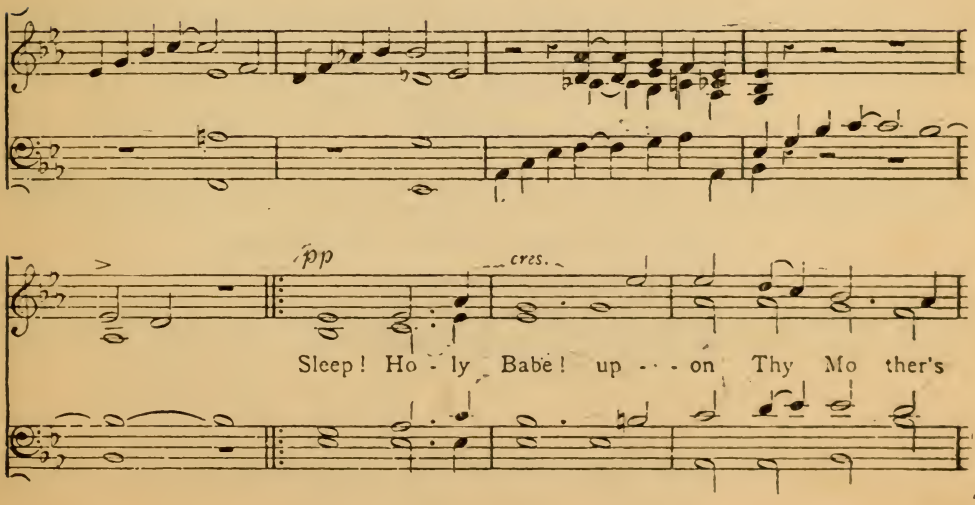
Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath ope'd the heav'nly door,
And man is blessed evermore.
Christ was born for this!

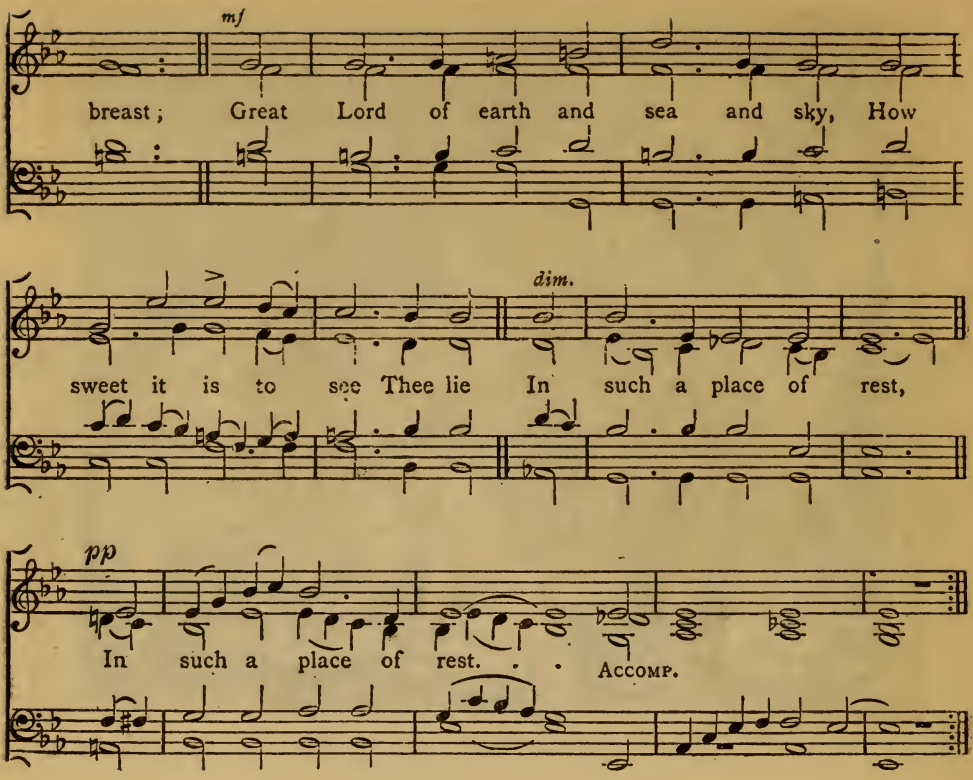
3.

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save.

IX.

Sleep! Holy Babe.





2.

Sleep! Holy Babe! thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3.

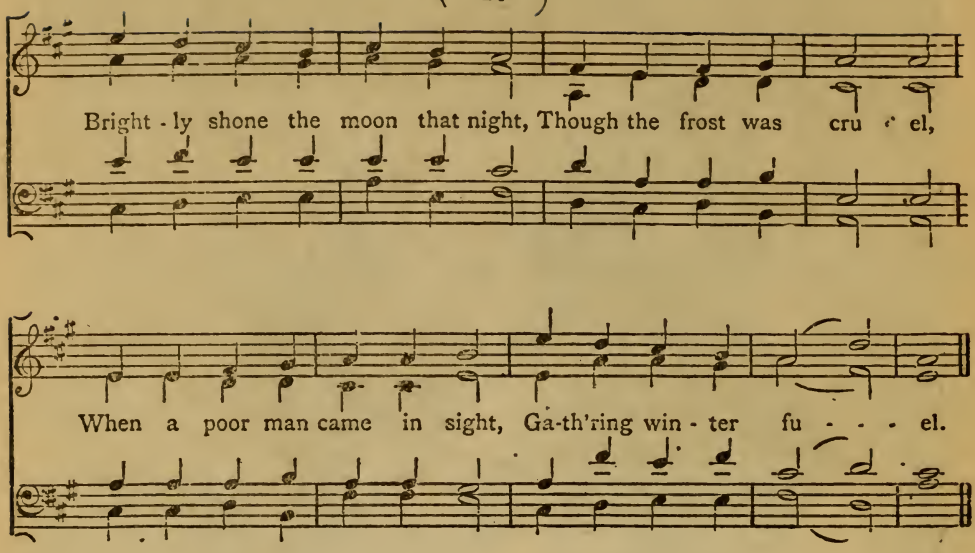
Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

4.

Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

X.

Good King Wenceslas.



Tenor Solo. 2.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Treble Solo.

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

Tenor Solo. 3.

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Chorus.

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

Treble Solo. 4.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

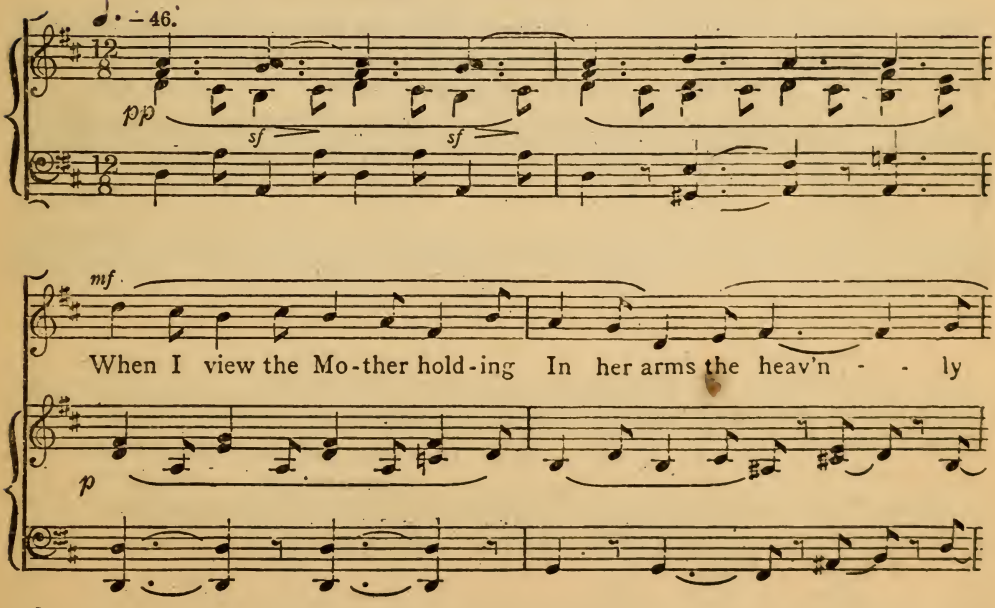
Tenor Solo.

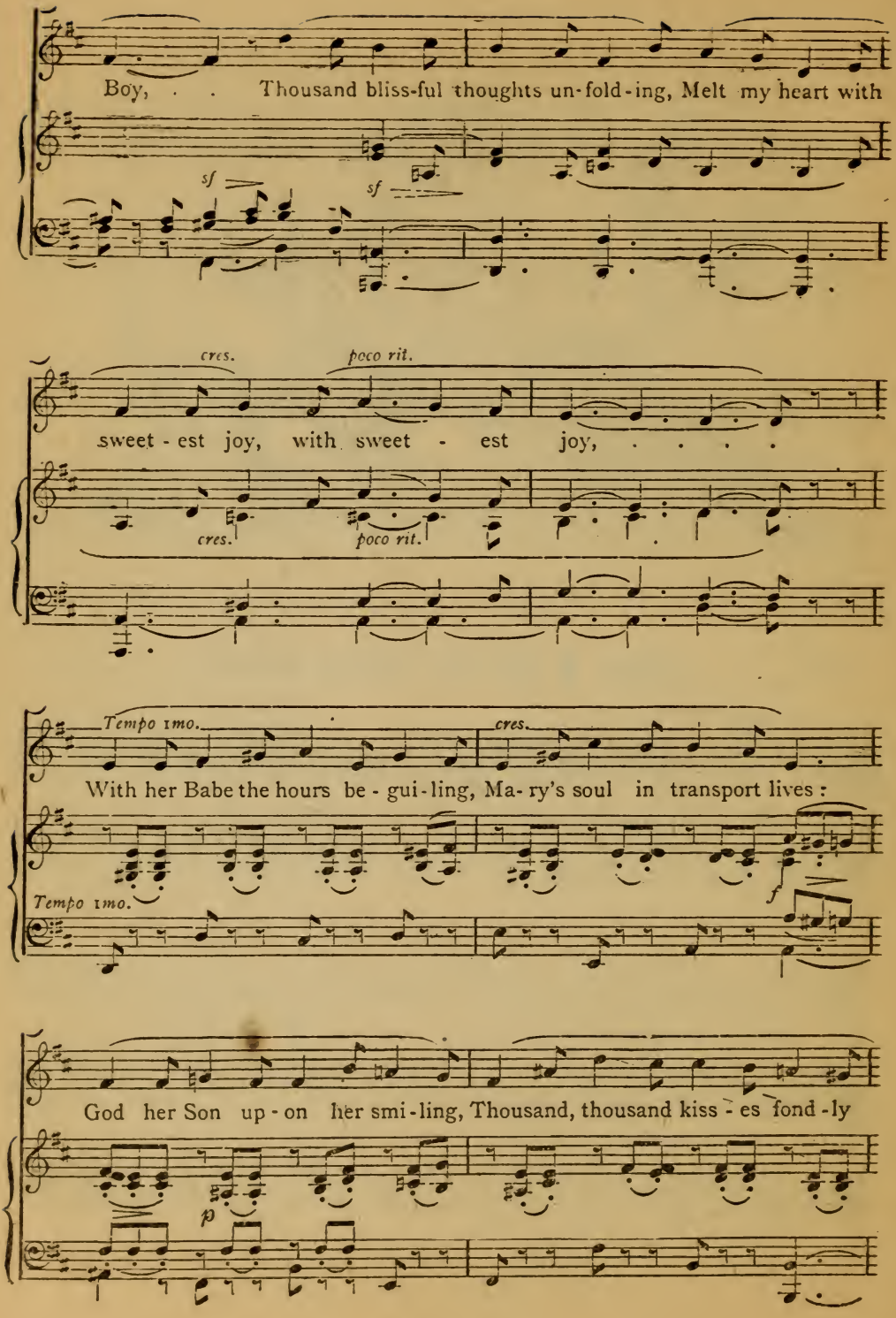
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

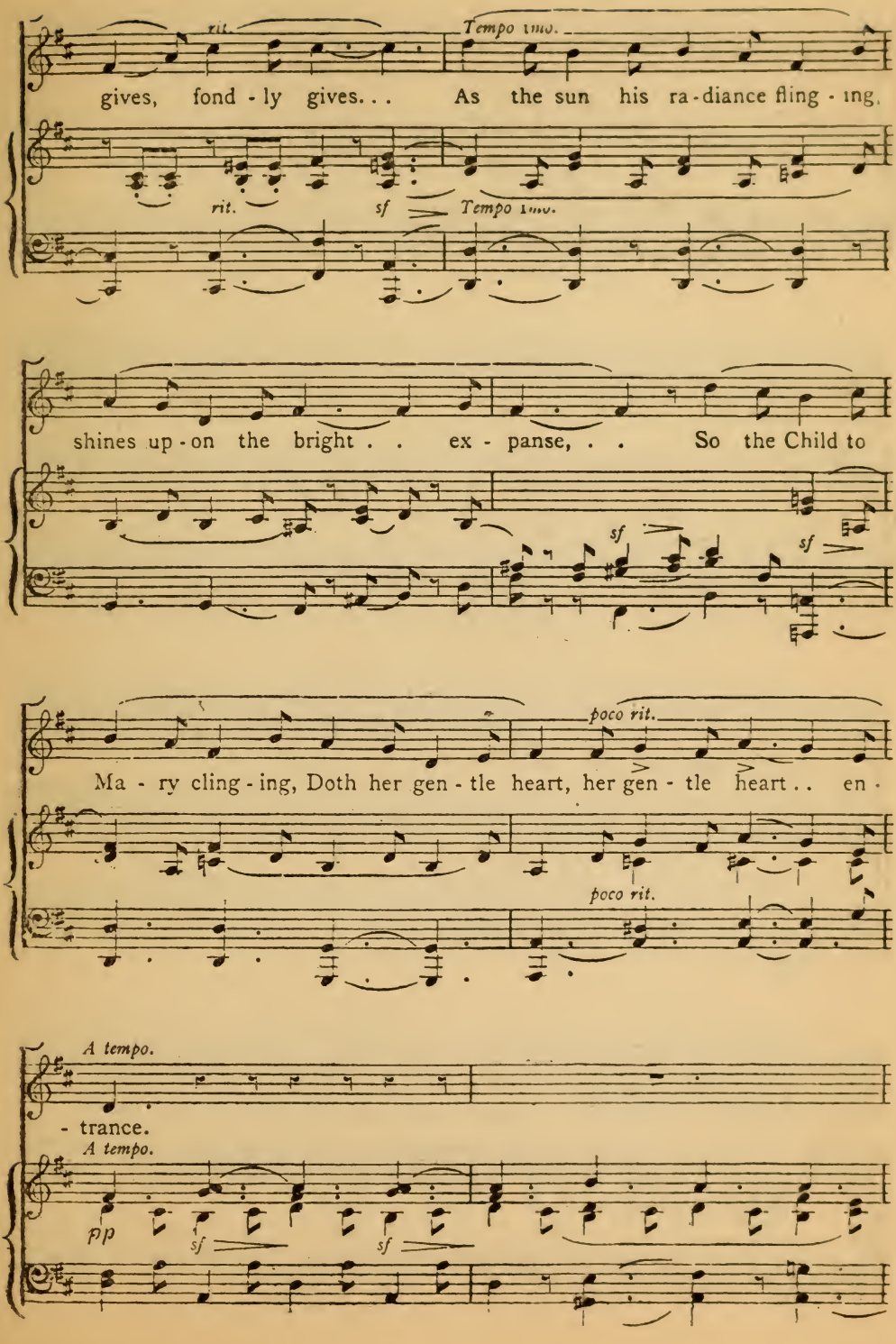
Chorus. 5.

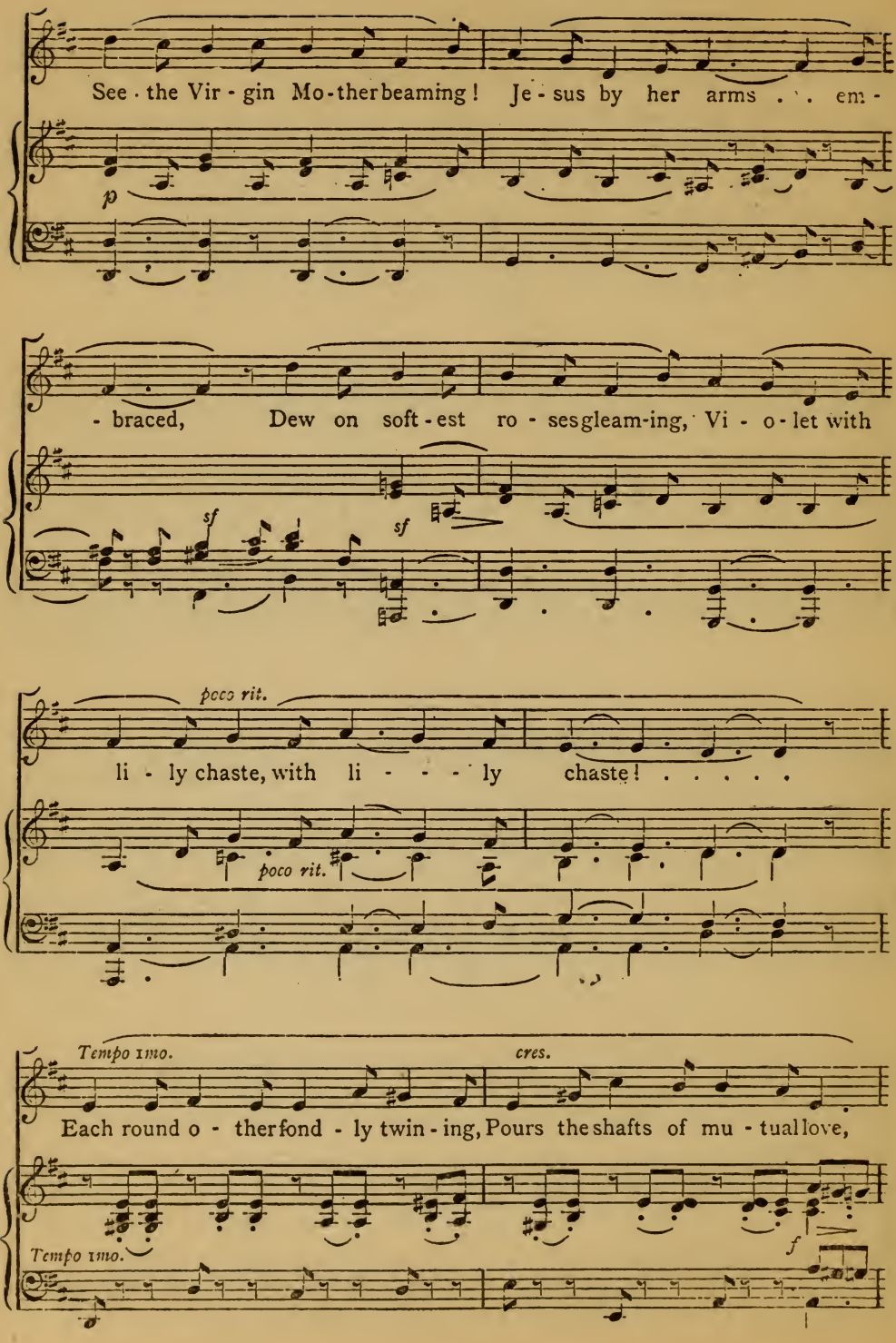
In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

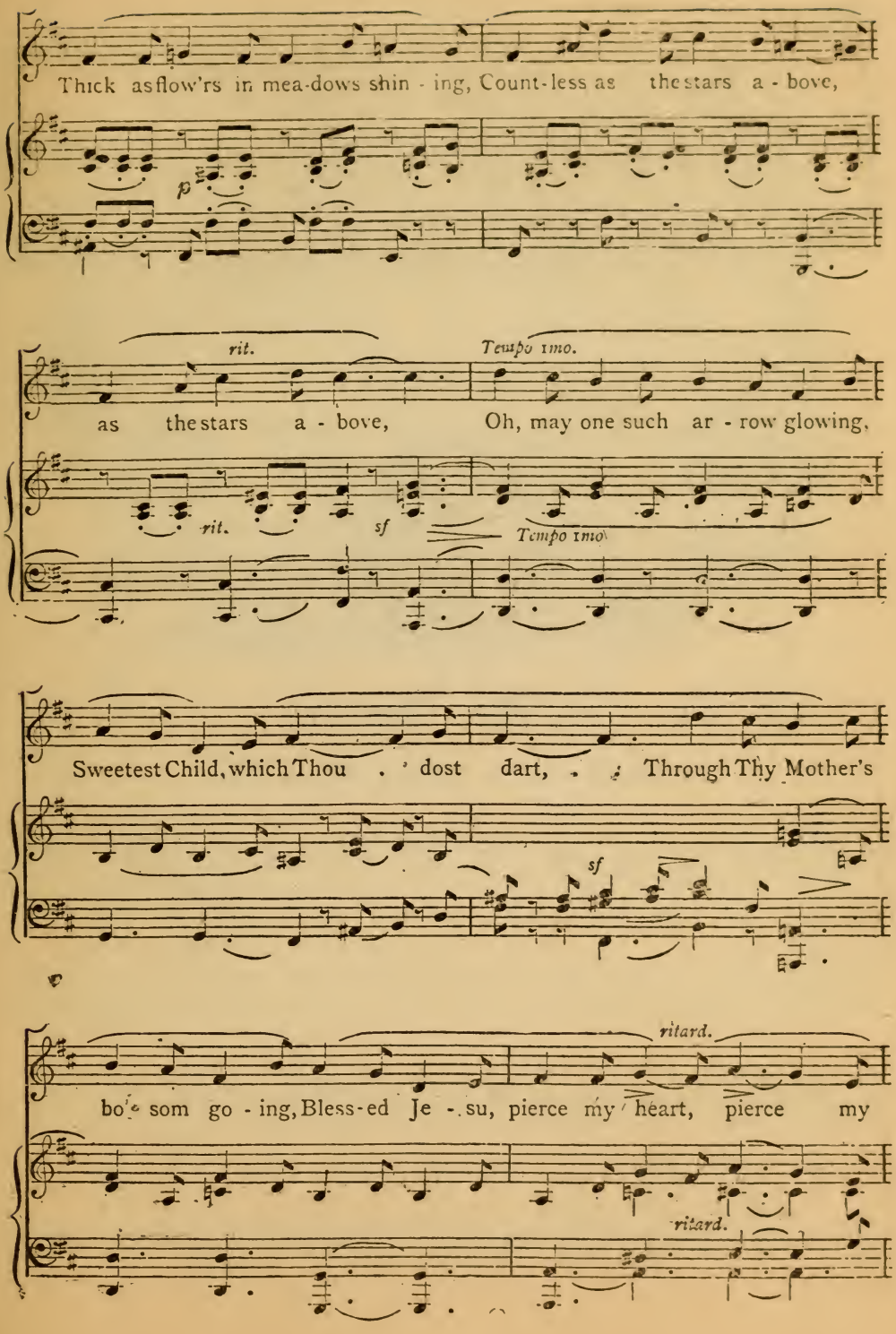
XI. # When I view the Mother holding.

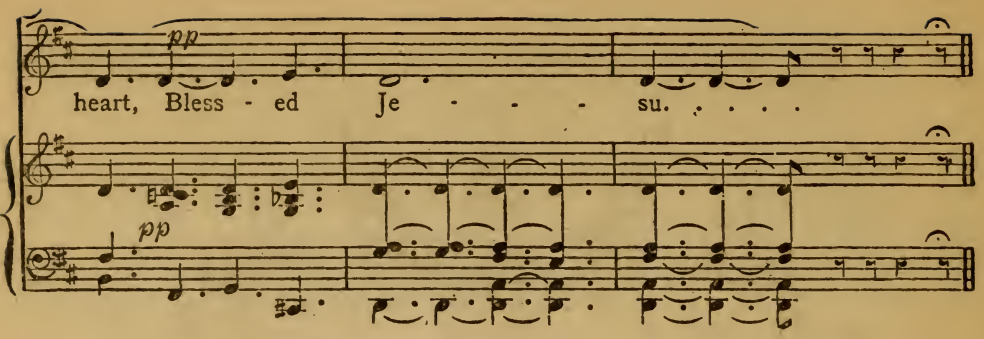



Boy, . . Thousand bliss-ful thoughts un-fold-ing, Melt my heart with
sf
sf
cres.
poco rit.
sweet-est joy, with sweet - est joy, ...
cres.
poco rit.
Tempo 1mo.
cres.
With her Babe the hours be-gui-ling, Ma-ry's soul in transport lives:
Tempo 1mo.
f
God her Son up-on her smi-ling, Thousand, thousand kiss-es fond-ly
p


rit.
Tempo 1mo.
gives, fond - ly gives... As the sun his ra - diance fling - ing,
rit.
sf
Tempo 1mo.
shines up - on the bright . . ex - panse, . . So the Child to
sf
sf
poco rit.
Ma - ry cling - ing, Doth her gen - tle heart, her gen - tle heart . . en -
poco rit.
A tempo.
- trance.
A tempo.
pp
sf
sf


See - the Vir - gin Mo - ther beaming! Je - sus by her arms . . em -
p
- braced, Dew on soft - est ro - ses gleam-ing, Vi - o - let with
sf
sf
poco rit.
li - ly chaste, with li - - - - ly chaste! . . . . .
poco rit.
Tempo 1mo.
cres.
Each round o - ther fond - ly twin - ing, Pours the shafts of mu - tual love,
Tempo 1mo.
f

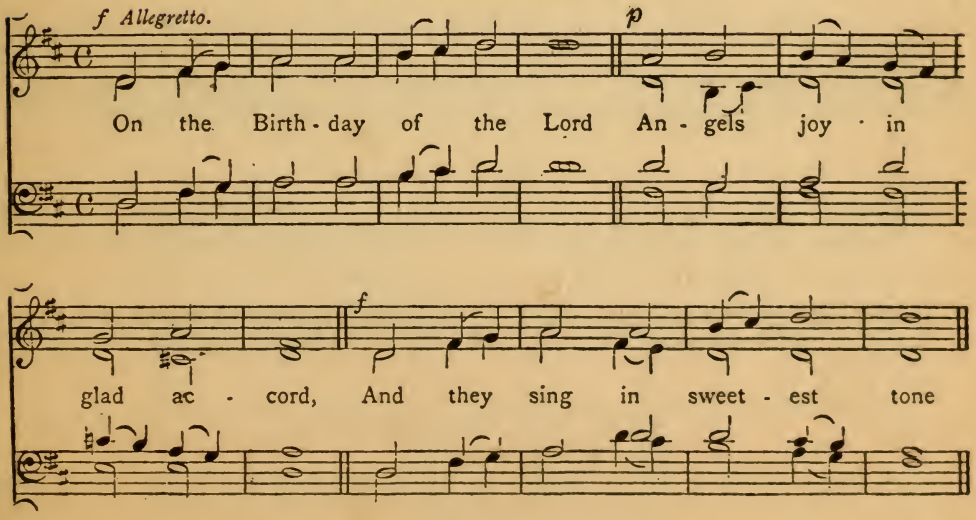

Thick as flow'rs in mea-dows shin - ing, Count-less as the stars a - bove,
p
rit.
Tempo 1mo.
as the stars a - bove, Oh, may one such ar - row glowing,
rit.
sf
Tempo 1mo
Sweetest Child, which Thou dost dart, Through Thy Mother's
sf
ritard.
bo - som go - ing, Bless-ed Je - su, pierce my heart, pierce my
ritard.

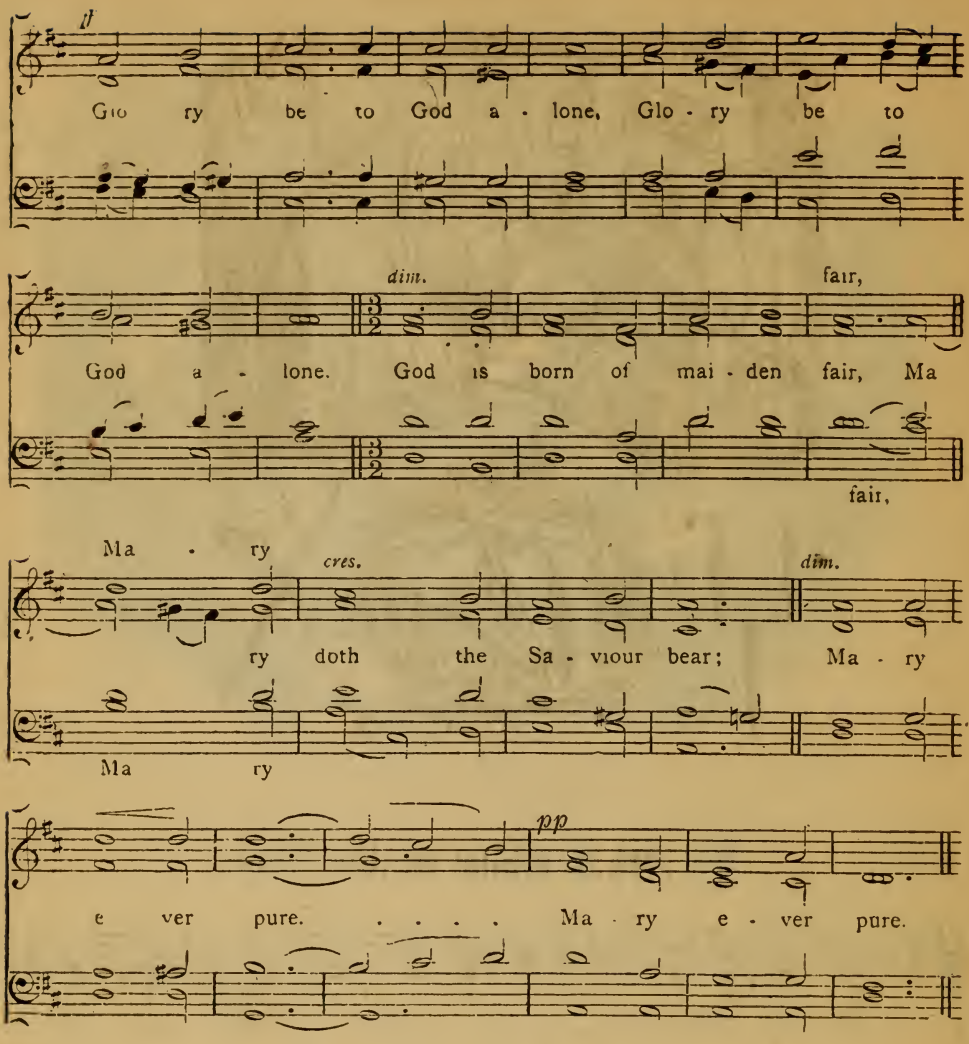

pp
heart, Bless - ed Je - - - su.
pp

WLW

XIII.

On the Birthday of the Lord.





2.

These good news an Angel told
To the shepherds by their fold,
Told them of the Saviour's Birth,
Told them of the joy for earth.
God is born, &c.

3.

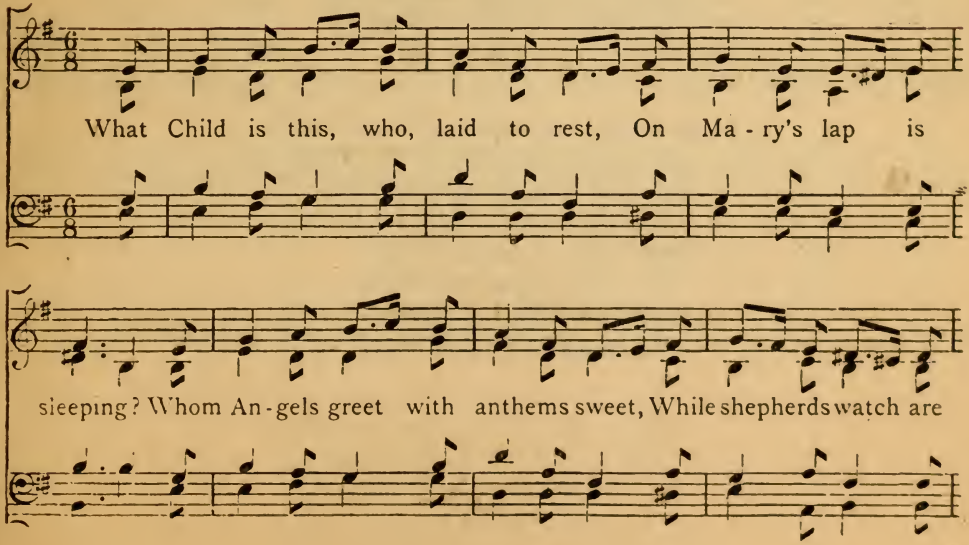
Born is now Emmanuel,
He, announced by Gabriel,
He, Whom Prophets old attest,
Cometh from His Father's Breast.
God is born, &c.

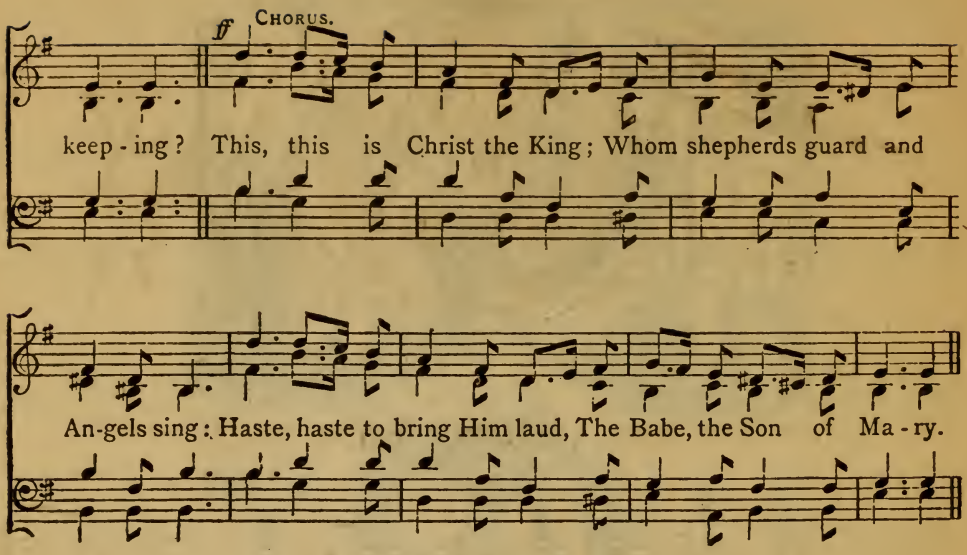
4.

Born to-day is Christ the Child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
Born the King and Lord we own;
Glory be to God alone.
God is born, &c.

XIV.

What Child is this?





2.

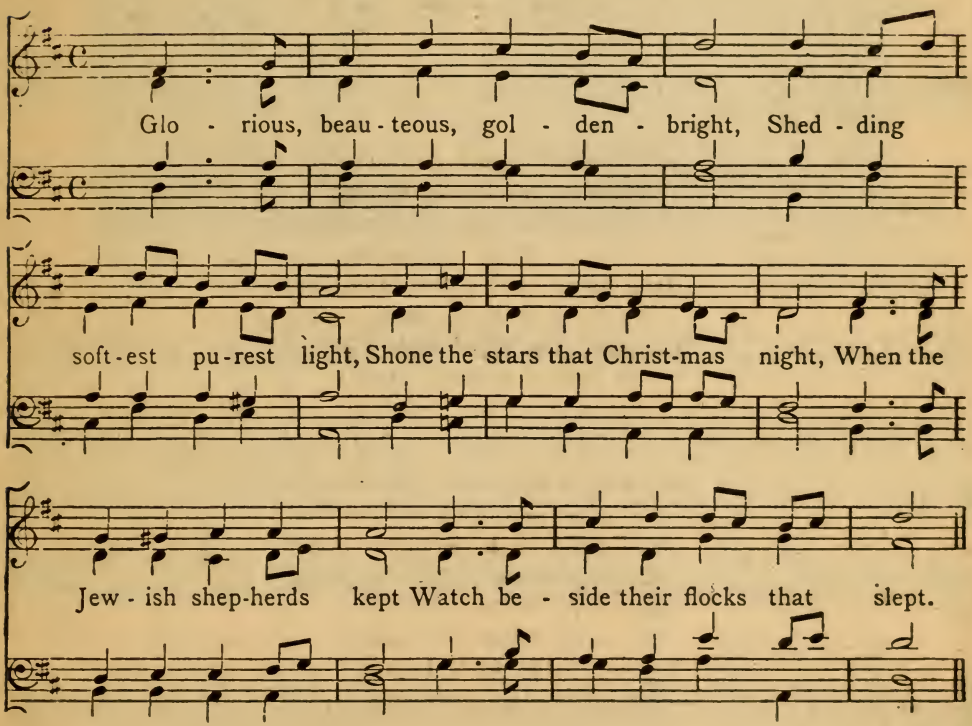
Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
The Cross be borne, for me, for you:
Hail, hail, the Word made Flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3.

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king, to own Him:
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise the song on high,
The Virgin sings her lullaby:
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

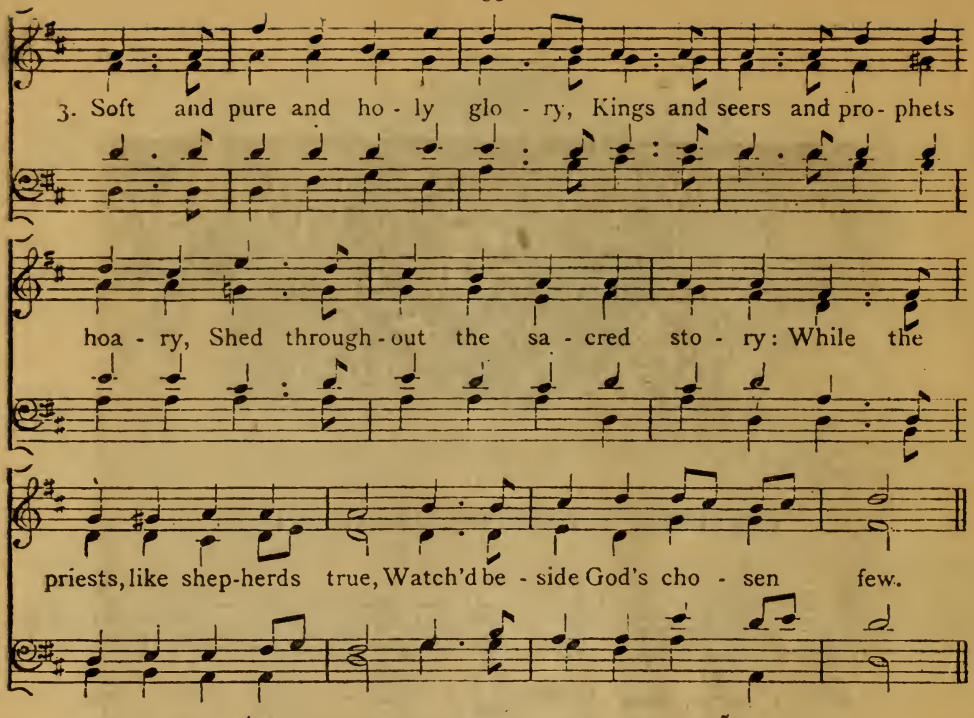
XV

Glorious, beauteous, golden-bright.



2.

But the stars' sweet golden gleam
Faded quickly as a dream
'Mid the wondrous glory-stream,
That illumined all the earth,
When Christ's Angels sang His birth.

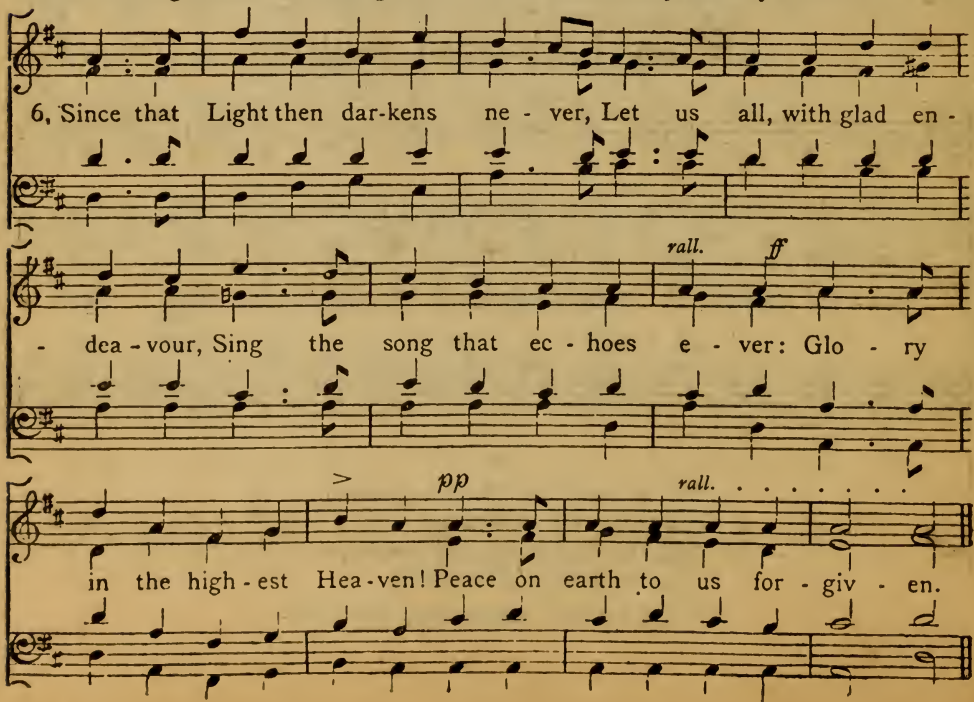


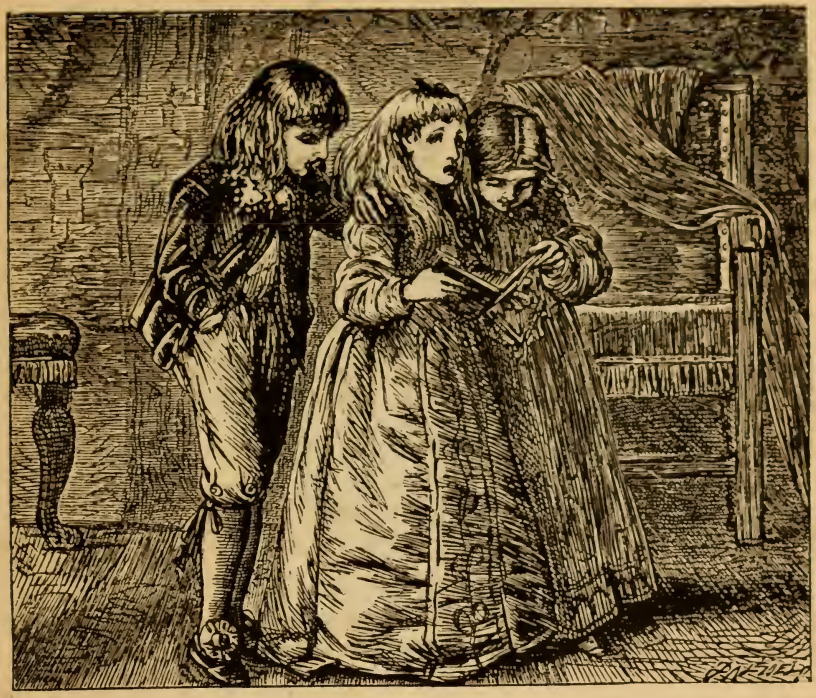
4.

But that light no more availed,
All its splendour straightway paled
In His light whom Angels hailed;
Even as the stars of old,
'Mid the brightness lost their gold.

5.

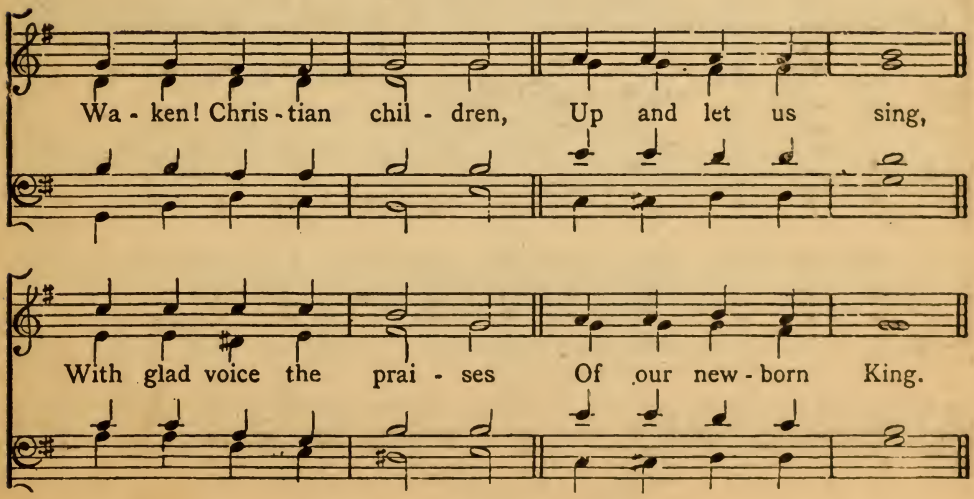
Now no more on Christmas night,
Is the sky with Angels bright,
But for ever shines the Light;
Even He whose birth they told
To the shepherds by the fold.





XVI.

Waken! Christian Children.



2.

Up! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

3.

Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children
"Let them come to Me."

4.

In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
O'er him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.

5.

Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

6.

Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense
Fitting for a King.

7

Gifts he asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

8.

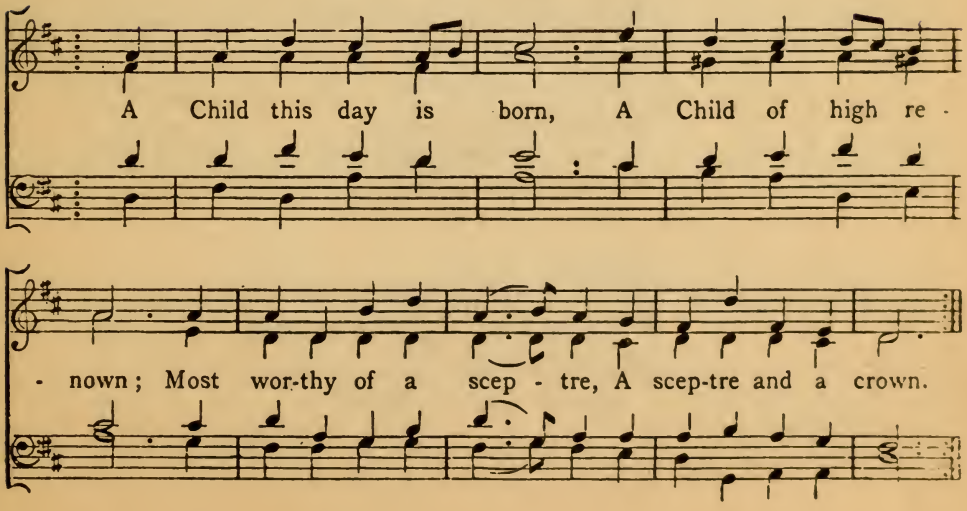
Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Infant purity.

9.

Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

XVII.

A Child this day is born.



Chorus.

Glad tidings to all men,
Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of kings
Was born on Christmas-Day.

2.

These tidings shepherds heard
Whilst watching o'er their fold,
'Twas by an Angel unto them
That night revealed and told.
Glad tidings, &c.

3.

Then was there with the Angel
An host incontinent*
Of heavenly bright soldiers,
All from the highest sent.
Glad tidings, &c.

4.

They praised the Lord our God
And our celestial King:
All glory be in Paradise,
This heavenly host do sing.
Glad tidings &c.

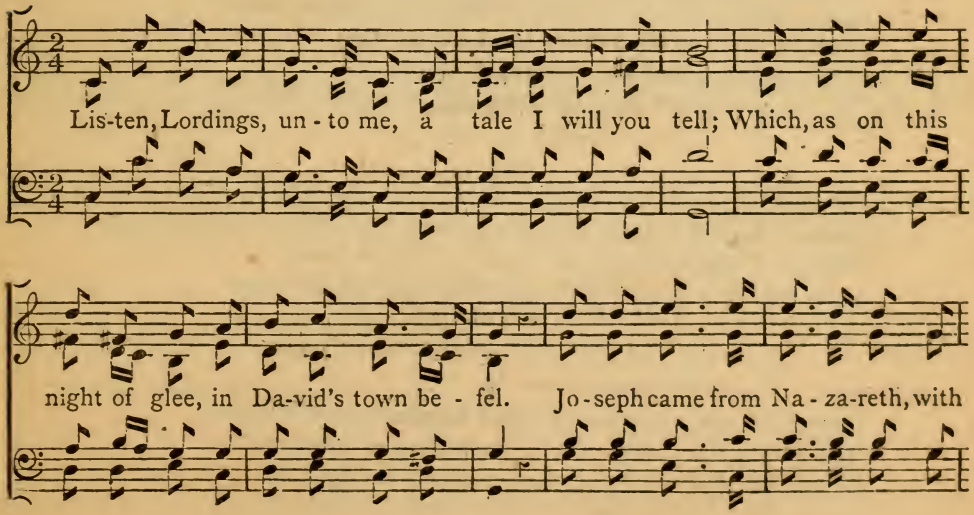
5.

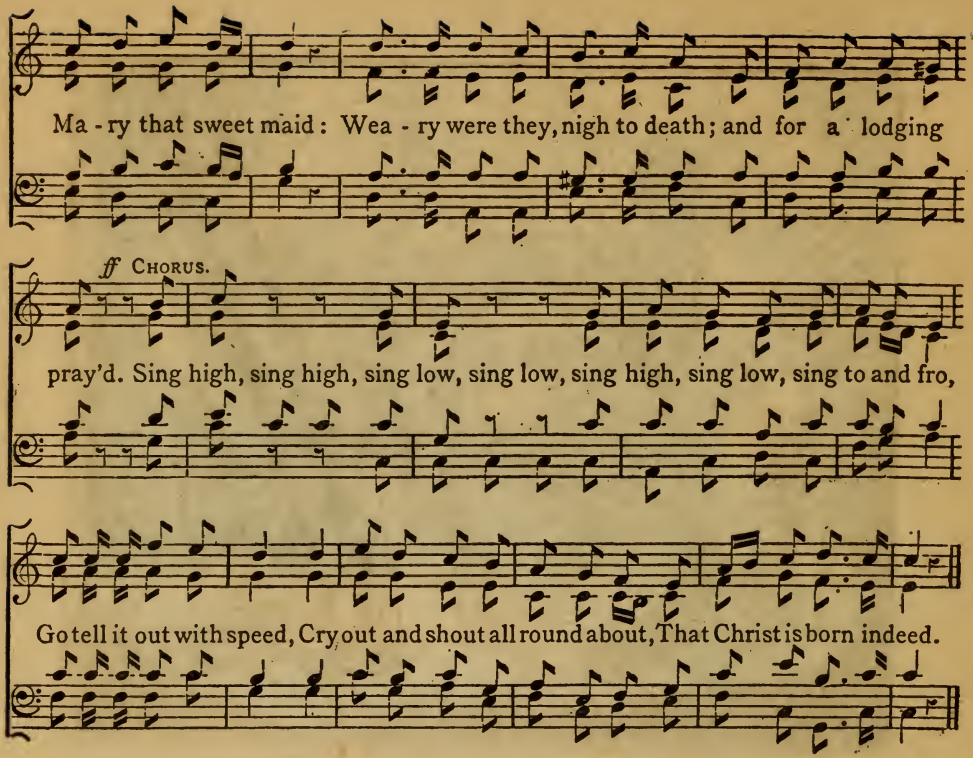
All glory be to God,
That sitteth still on high,
With praises and with triumph great,
And joyful melody.
Glad tidings, &c.

* Immediately.

XVIII.

Carol for Christmas-Eve.





2.

In the Inn they found no room; a scanty bed they made:
Soon a Babe from Mary's womb was in the manger laid.
Forth he came as light through glass: He came to save us all.
In the stable ox and ass before their Maker fall.
Sing high, sing low, &c.

3.

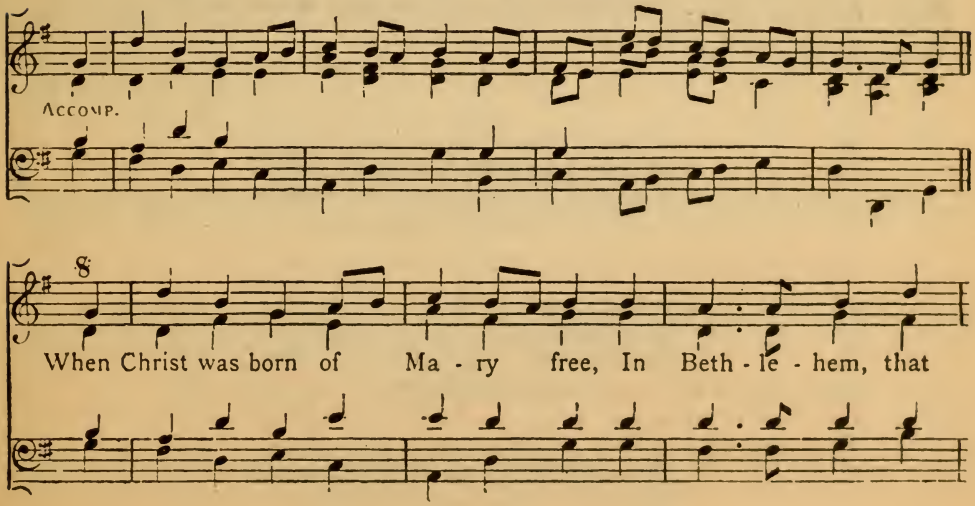
Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the silly sheep,
Hosts of Angels in their sight came down from heaven's high steep.
Tidings! Tidings! unto you: to you a Child is born,
Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter than the morn.
Sing high, sing low, &c.

4.

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds onward went,
God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent.
In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and all,
At the Altar Him to find, who lay within the stall.
Sing high, sing low, &c.

XIX

When Christ was born of Mary free.



2.

Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born to-night,
"In excelsis Gloria."

3.

The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"In excelsis Gloria."

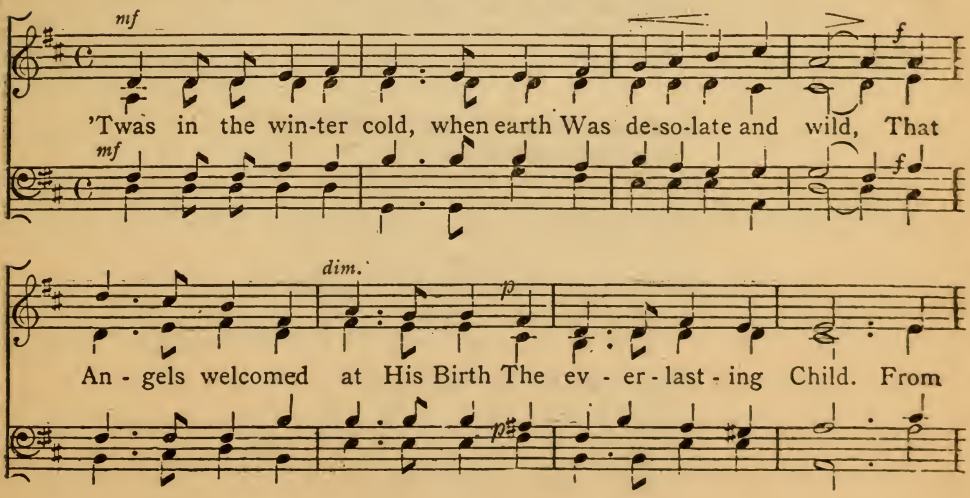
4.

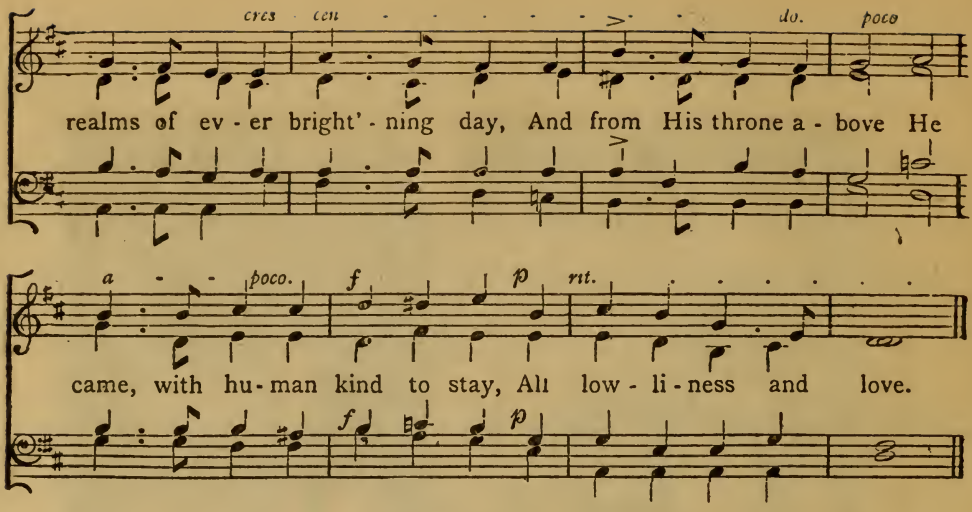
Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"In excelsis Gloria."

XX.

'Twas in the winter cold.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING HYMN.





2.

Then in the manger the poor beast
Was present with his Lord;
Then swains and pilgrims from the East
Saw, wondered, and adored.
And I this morn would come with them
This blessed sight to see,
And to the Babe of Bethlehem
Bend low the reverent knee.

3.

But I have not, it makes me sigh,
One offering in my power;
'Tis winter all with me, and I
Have neither fruit nor flower.
O God, O Brother let me give,
My worthless self to Thee;
And that the years which I may live
May pure and spotless be:

4.

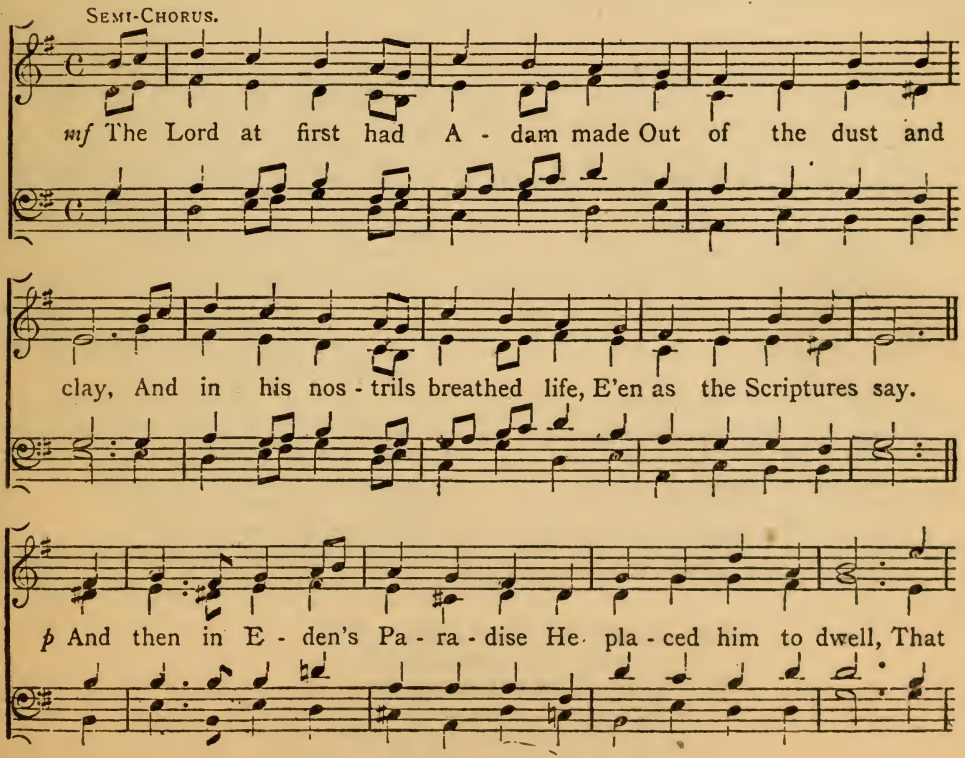
Grant me Thyself, O Saviour kind,
Thy Spirit undefiled,
That I may be in heart and mind
As gentle as a child;
That I may tread life's arduous ways
As Thou Thyself hast trod,
And in the might of prayer and praise
Keep ever close to God.

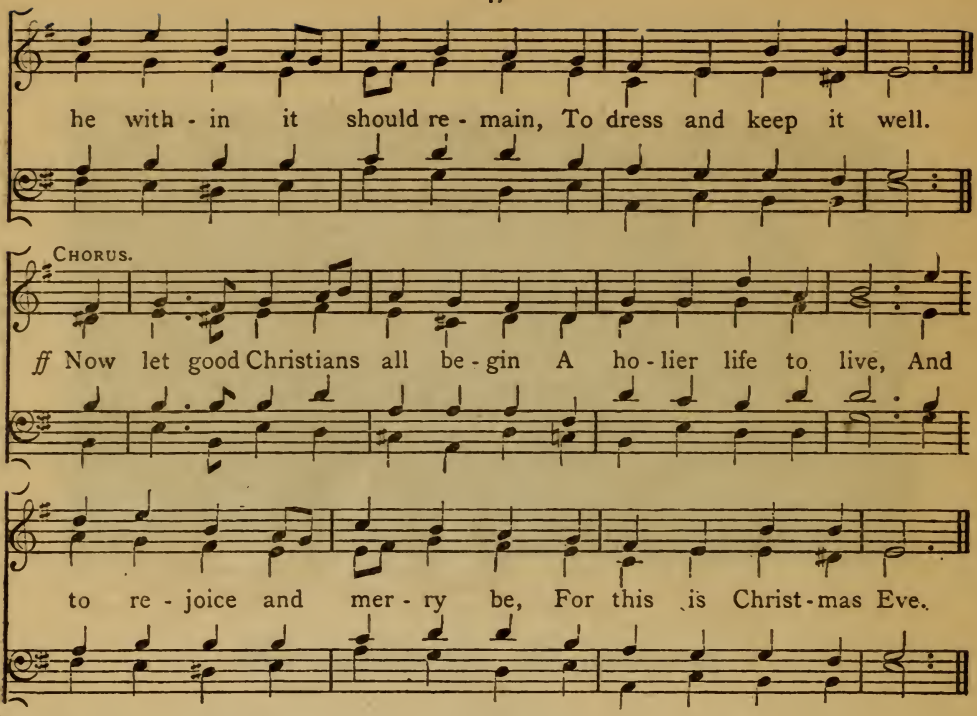
5.

Light of the everlasting morn,
Deep through my spirit shine;
There let Thy presence newly born
Make all my being Thine:
There try me as the silver, try,
And cleanse my soul with care,
Till Thou art able to descry
Thy faultless image there.

XXI.

A Carol for Christmas Eve.





2.

And thus within the garden he
Was set, therein to stay;
And in commandment unto him
These words the Lord did say:
"The fruit which in the garden grows
To thee shall be for meat,
Except the tree in midst thereof,
Of which thou shalt not eat."
Now let good Christians, &c.

3.

"For in the day thou shalt it touch
Or dost to it come nigh,
If so thou do but eat thereof,
Then thou shalt surely die."
But Adam he did take no heed
Unto that only thing,
But did transgress God's holy Law,
And so was wrapt in sin.
Now let good Christians, &c.

4.

Now mark the goodness of the Lord,
Which He to mankind bore;
His mercy soon He did extend,
Lost man for to restore:
And therefore to redeem our souls
From death and hell and thrall,
He said his own dear Son should be
The Saviour of us all.
Now let good Christians, &c.

5.

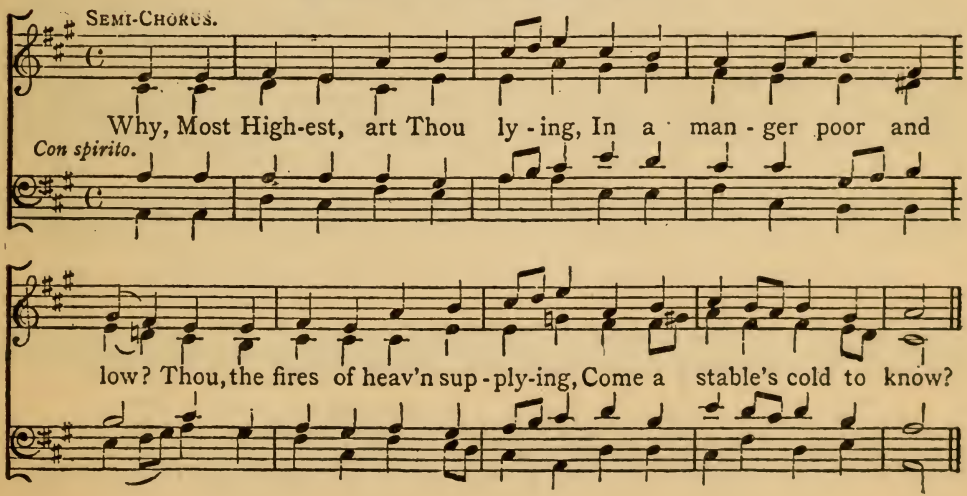
Which promise now is brought to pass:
Christians, believe it well:
And by the death of God's dear Son,
We are redeemed from Hell.
So if we truly do believe,
And do the thing that's right,
Then by His merits we at last
Shall live in heaven bright.
Then let good Christians, &c.

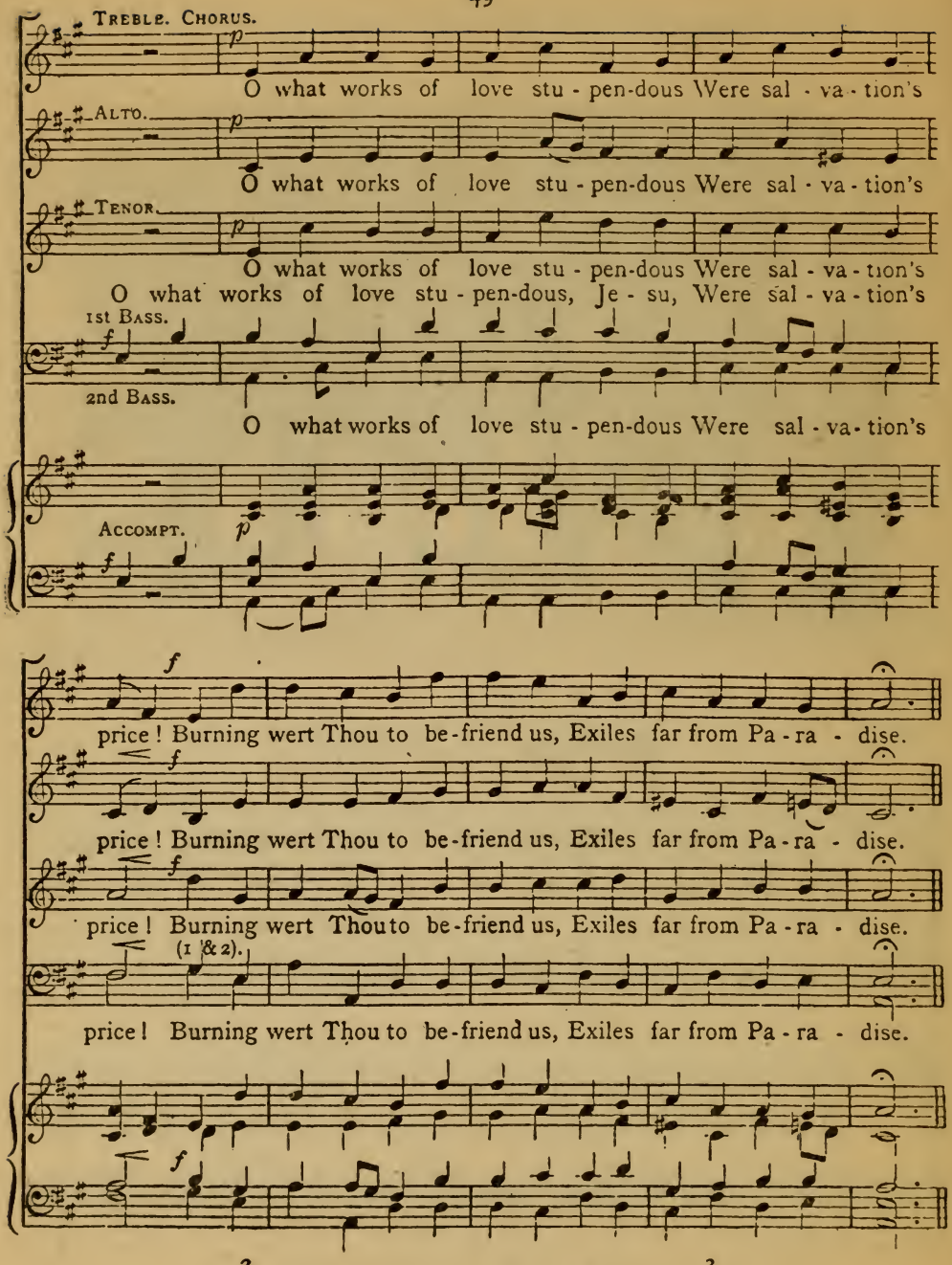
6.

And now the tide is nigh at hand,
In which our Saviour came;
Let us rejoice and merry be
In keeping of the same;
Let's feed the poor and hungry souls,
And such as do it crave;
And when we die, in heaven we
Our sure reward shall have.
Then let good Christians, &c.

XXII.

Jesus in the Manger.





2.

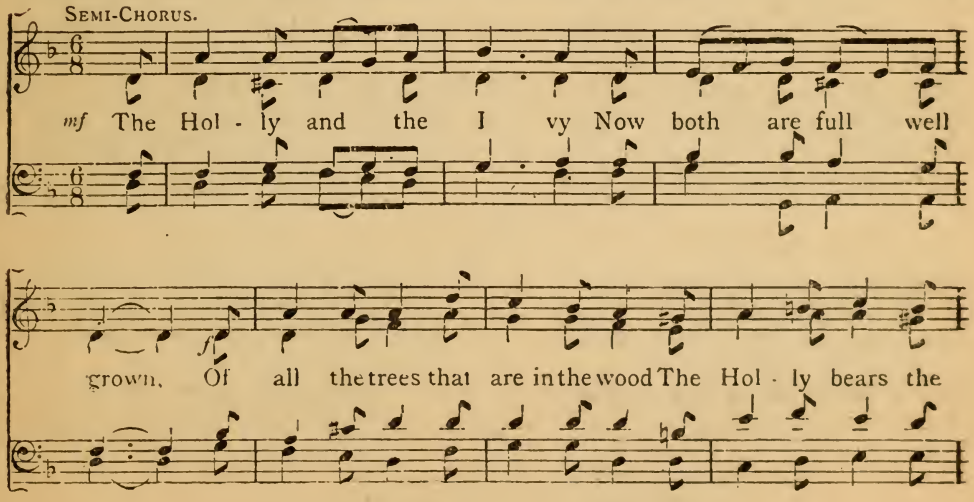
On a Mother's breast thou sleepest,
Mother, yet a Virgin still;
Sad, with eyes bedimmed Thou weepest,
Eyes, which Heaven with gladness fill.
O what works, &c.

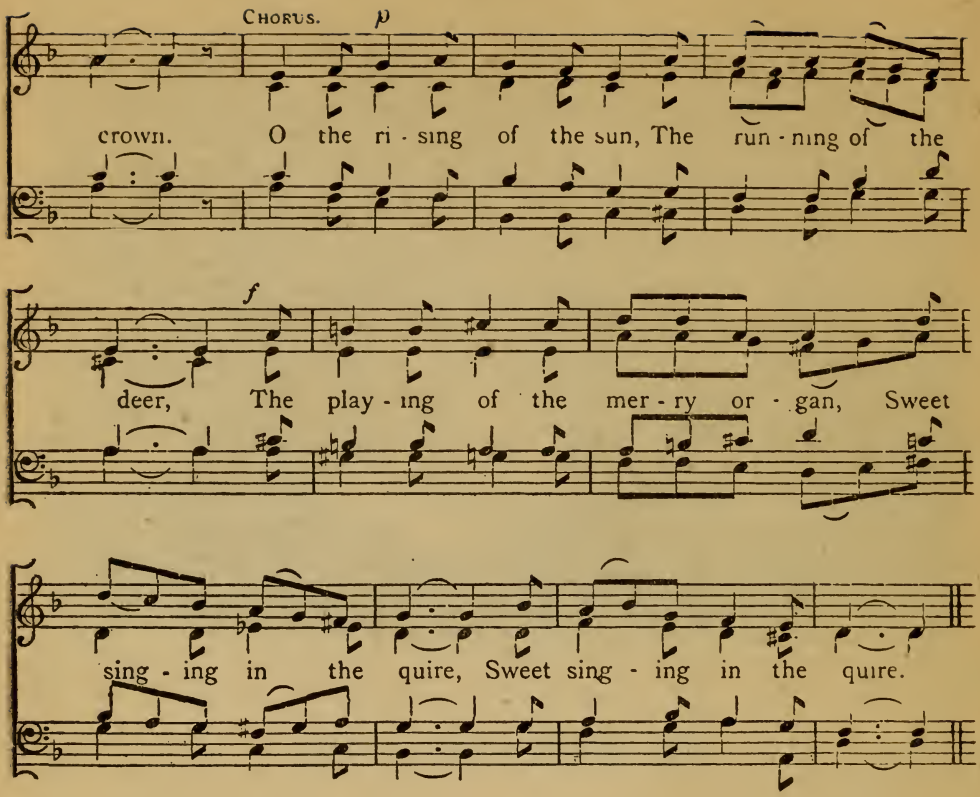
3.

Weak the Strong, of strength the Giver:
Small, Whose arms creation span;
Bound, Who only can deliver;
Born is He Who ne'er began.
O what works, &c.

XXIII

The Holly and the Ivy.





2.

The Holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

3.

The Holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

4.

The Holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

5.

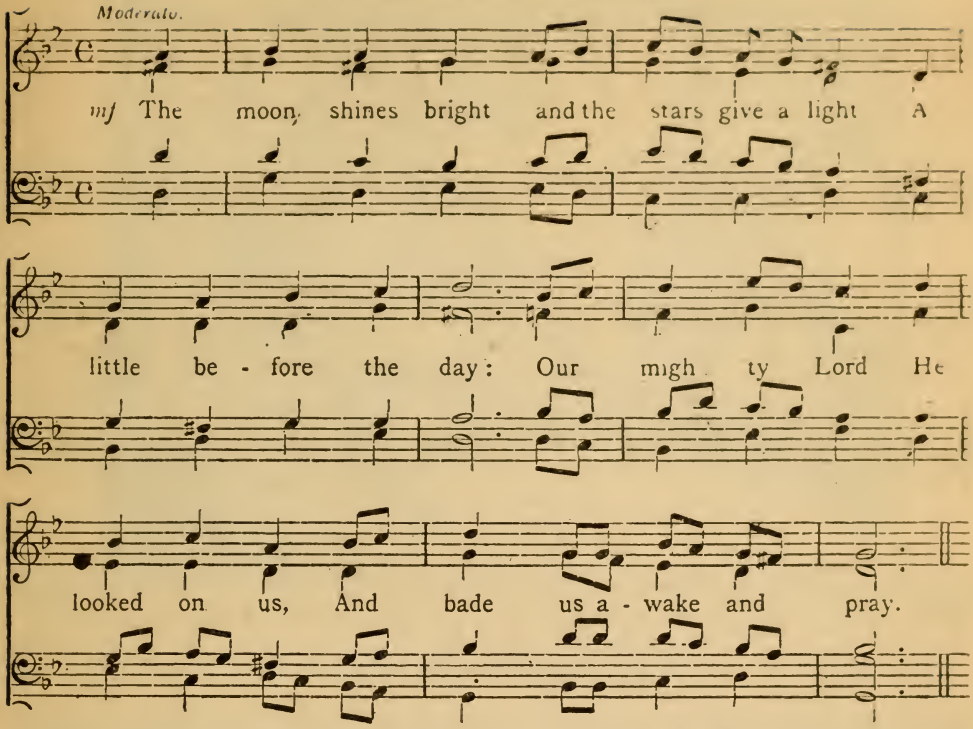
The Holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

6.

The Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun, &c.

XXIV.

The Waits' Song.



2.
Awake, awake, good people all,
  Awake, and you shall hear,
The Lord our God died on the Cross
  For us He loved so dear.

3.
O fair, O fair Jerusalem,
  When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
  Thy joy that I may see?

4.
The fields were green as green could be
  When from His glorious seat,
Our blessed Father watered us,
  With His heavenly dew so sweet.

5.
And for the saving of our souls
  Christ died upon the Cross,
We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ
  As He hath done for us.

6.
The life of man is but a span,
  And cut down in its flower,
We're here to-day, to-morrow gone,
  The creatures of an hour.

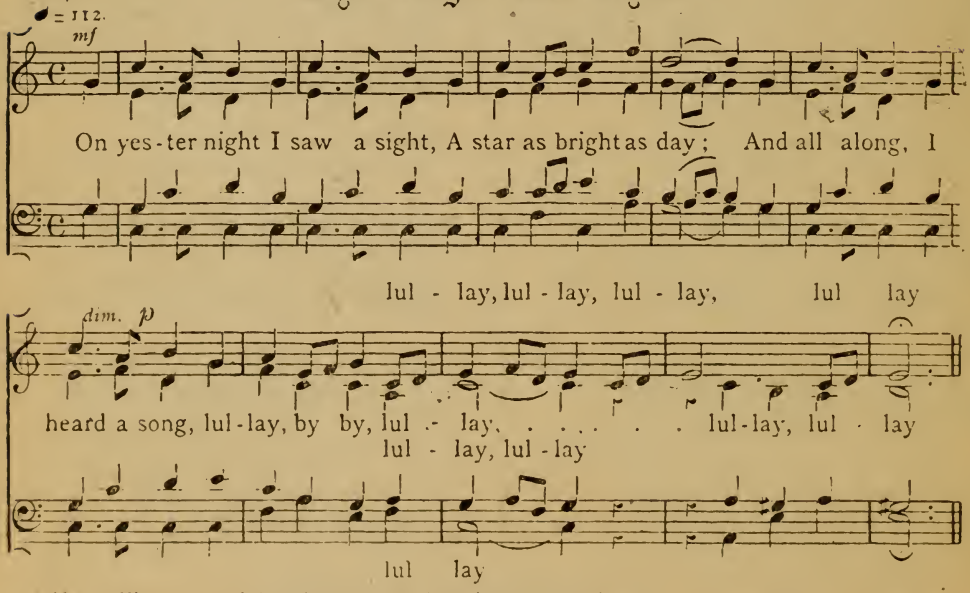
7.
Instruct and teach your children well
  The while that you are here;
It will be better for your soul,
  When your corpse lies on the bier.

8.
To-day you may be alive and well,
  Worth many a thousand pound·
To-morrow dead and cold as clay,
  Your corpse laid underground.

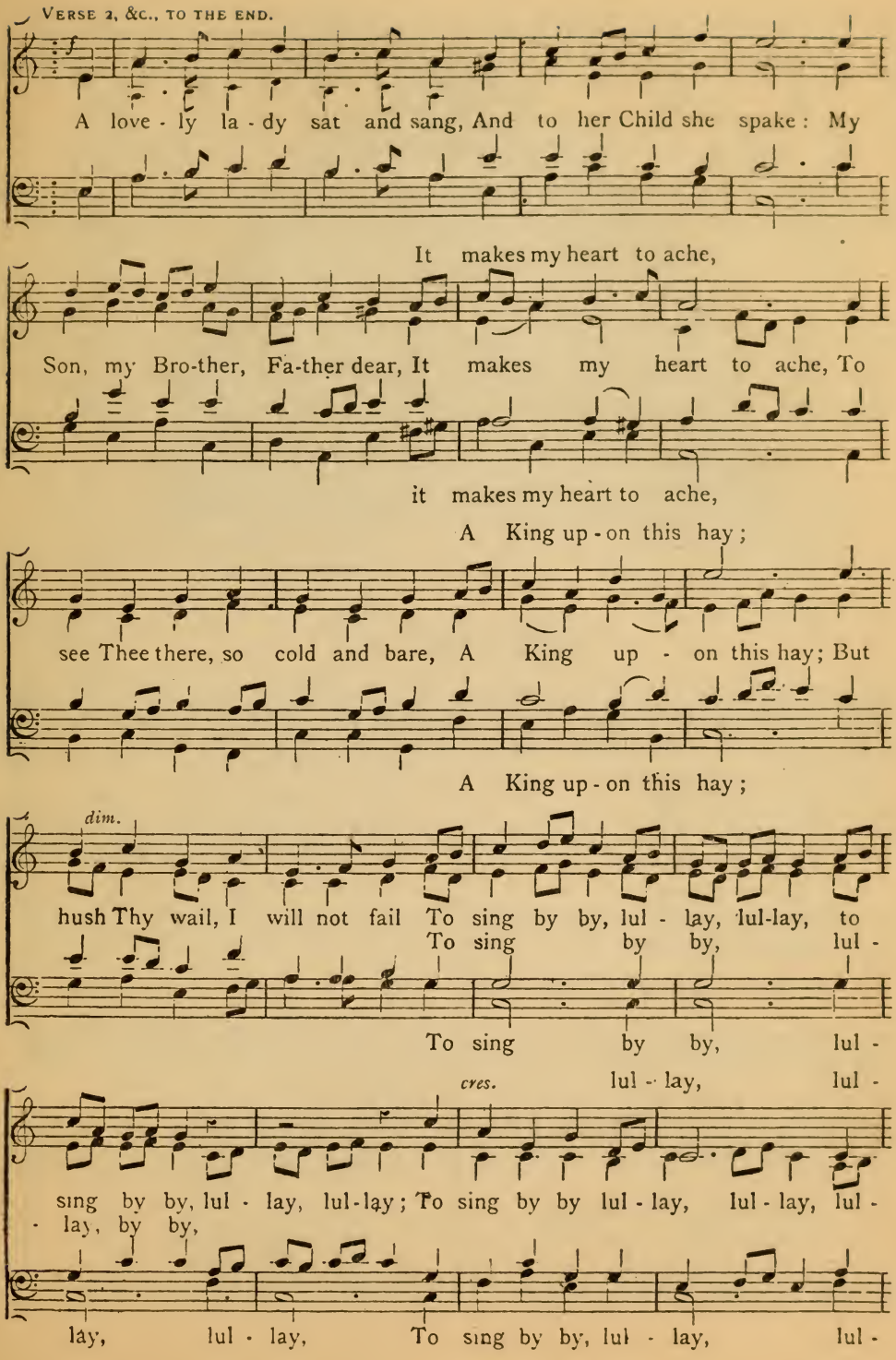
9.
With one turf at thine head, O man,
  And another at thy feet;
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
  Will altogether meet.

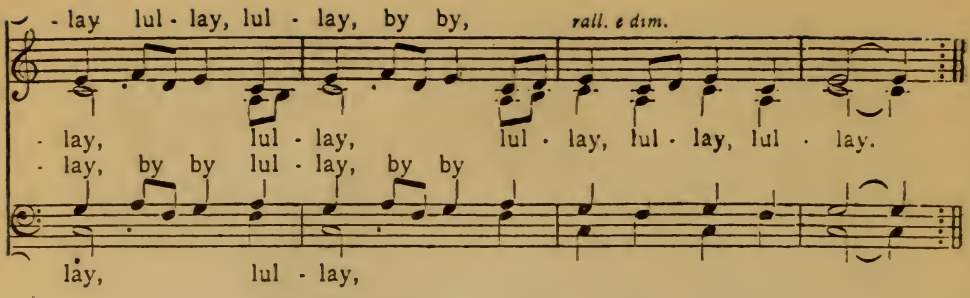
10.
My song is done, I must be gone,
  I can stay no longer here;
God bless you all, both great and small,
  And send you a joyful new year!

XXV. The Virgin and Child.*



* *Note*—The words of the Alto part are those immediately below it. The words of the Tenor are those immediately above it. Words occasionally written above the Treble stave are to be sung by the Trebles. Words occasionally written below the Bass stave are to be sung by the Basses.


VERSE 2, &c., TO THE END.
A love - ly la - dy sat and sang, And to her Child she spake: My
It makes my heart to ache,
Son, my Bro-ther, Fa-ther dear, It makes my heart to ache, To
it makes my heart to ache,
A King up - on this hay;
see Thee there, so cold and bare, A King up - on this hay; But
A King up - on this hay;
dim.
hush Thy wail, I will not fail To sing by by, lul - lay, lul-lay, to
To sing by by, lul -
To sing by by, lul -
cres.
lul - lay, lul -
sing by by, lul - lay, lul-lay; To sing by by lul - lay, lul - lay, lul -
lay, by by,
lay, lul - lay, To sing by by, lul - lay, lul -



3.

The Child then spake whilst she did sing,
And to the maiden said:
"Right sure I am a mighty King,
Though in a crib My bed:
For angels bright,
Down to Me light;
Thou canst not say Me nay:
Then why so sad?
Thou mayest be glad
To sing by by, lullay."

4.

"Now, sweetest Lord, since Thou art King,
Why liest Thou in a stall?
Why didst Thou not Thy cradle bring
To some great royal hall?
Methinks 'tis right,
That king or knight
Should lie in good array;
And them among,
It were no wrong
To sing by by, lullay.

5.

"My Mother Mary, thine I be,
Though I be laid in stall,
Both lords and dukes shall worship Me,
And so shall monarchs all:
Ye shall well see
That princes three,
Shall come on the twelfth day:
Then let Me rest
Upon thy breast,
And sing by by, lullay."

6.

"Now tell me, sweetest Lord, I pray,
Thou art my love and dear,
How shall I nurse Thee to Thy mind,
And make Thee glad of cheer?
For all Thy will
I would fulfil,
I need no more to say;
And for all this
I will Thee kiss,
And sing by by, lullay."

7.

"My Mother dear, when time it be,
Then take Me up aloft,
And set Me up upon thy knee,
And handle Me full soft;
And in thy arm,
Thou wilt Me warm,
And keep Me night and day
And if I weep,
And may not sleep,
Thou sing by by, lullay."

8.

"Now, sweetest Lord, since it is so,
That Thou art most of might,
I pray Thee grant a boon to me,
If it be meet and right;
That child or man
That will or can,
Be merry on this day;
To bliss them bring,
And I shall sing,
Lullay, by by, lullay."

XXVI.

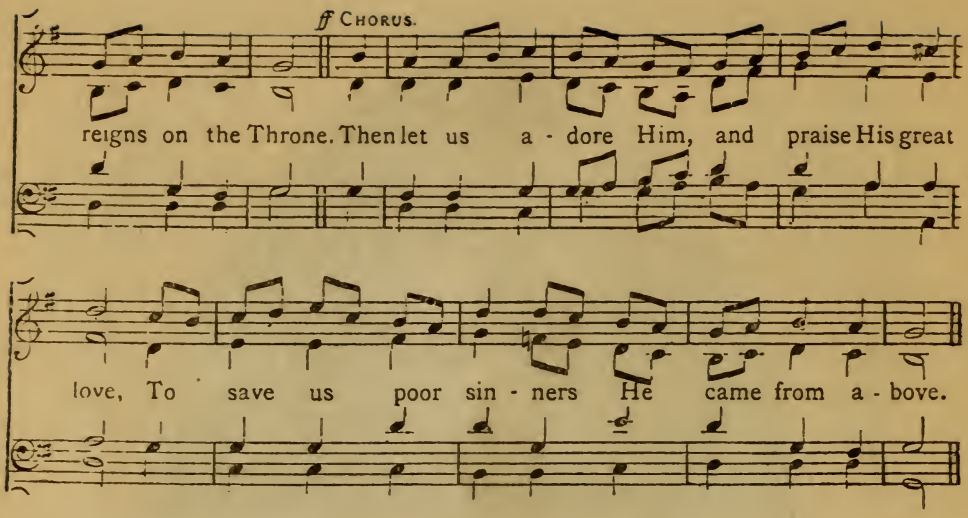
The Incarnation.

Vivace.

mf The great God of Hea-ven is come down to earth, His

Mo-ther a Vir-gin, and sin-less His Birth; The Fa-ther e-

-ter-nal His Fa-ther a-lone: He sleeps in the man-ger; He



2.

A Babe on the breast of a maiden he lies,
Yet sits with the Father on high in the skies;
Before Him their faces the Seraphim hide,
While Joseph stands waiting, unscared, by His side.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

3.

Lo! here is Immanuel, here is the Child,
The Son that was promised to Mary so mild;
Whose power and dominion shall ever increase,
The Prince that shall rule o'er a kingdom of peace.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

4.

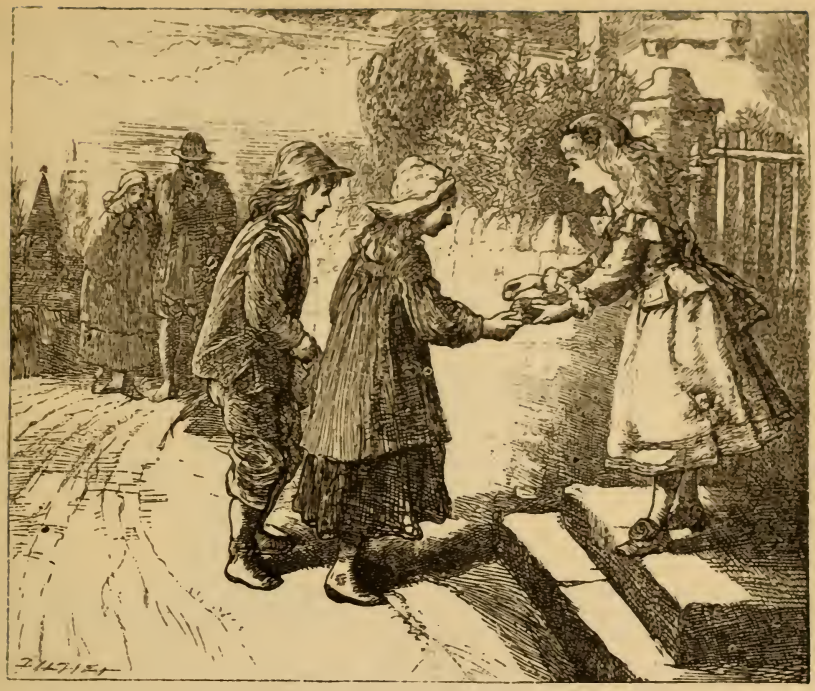
The wonderful Counsellor, boundless in might,
The Father's own Image, the Beam of His Light;
Behold Him now wearing the likeness of man,
Weak, helpless, and speechless, in measure a span.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

5.

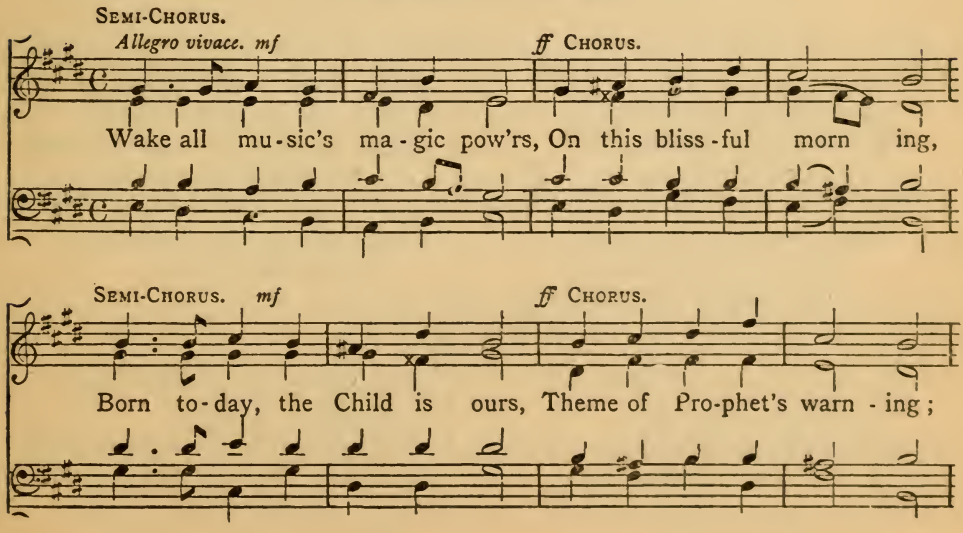
Oh! wonder of wonders, which none can unfold;
The Ancient of days is an hour or two old;
The Maker of all things is made of the earth,
Man is worshipped by angels, and God comes to birth.
Then let us adore Him, &c.

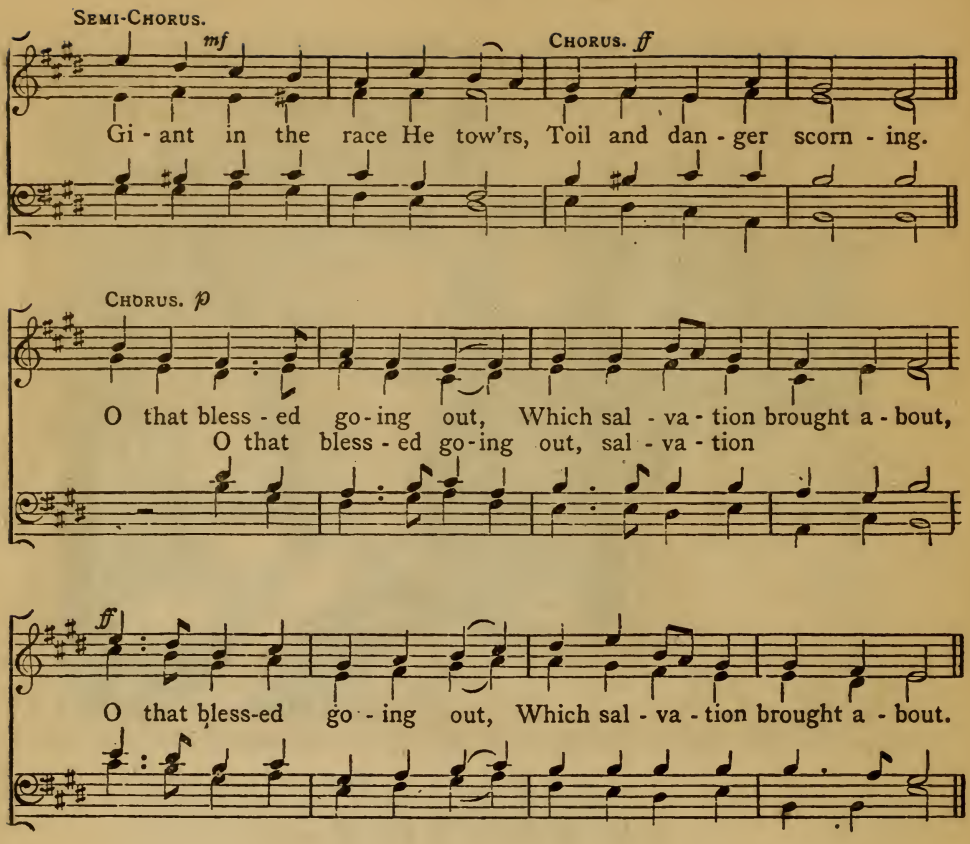
6.

The Word in the bliss of the Godhead remains,
Yet in flesh comes to suffer the keenest of pains;
He is that He was, and for ever shall be,
But becomes that He was not, for you and for me.
Then let us adore Him, &c.



XXVII. Christmas Day.





2.

Let this glorious holiday
Find such holy spending,
That the simple-hearted may
Joy without offending,
And sweet charity may stay,
With our concourse blending.
O that blessed going out,
Which salvation brought about.

3.

Give we glory to this Feast,
For man's restoration:
Now the guilty is released,
Freed from condemnation:
By the widow's son deceased,
See Elisha's station!
O that blessed, &c.

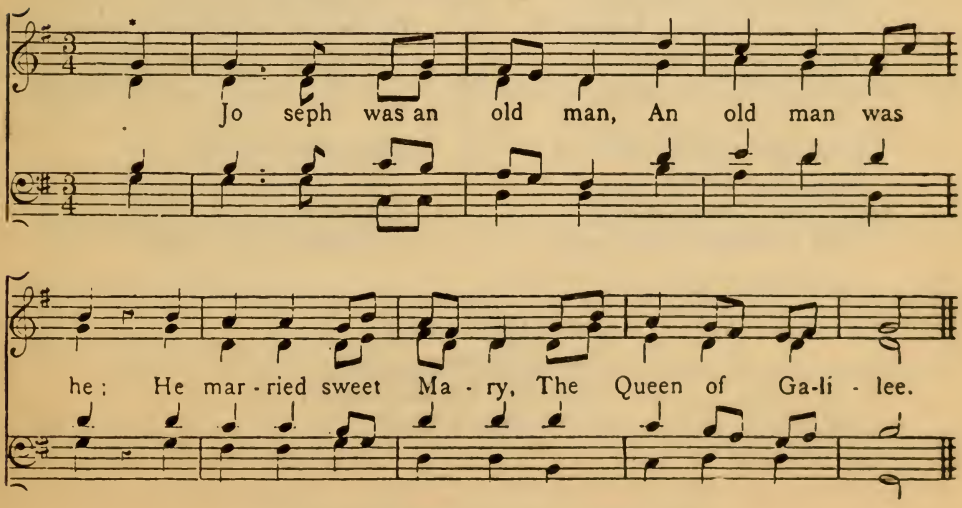
4.

O how bright is this day made,
Day with radiance glowing,
Which the Light of Light displayed,
Light in darkness shewing;
Chasing thus death's gloomy shade,
Brightness o'er us throwing!
O that blessed, &c.

5.

Risen to-day in splendour bright,
Shining to all ages,
Beams the Sun, whose distant light
Touch'd the Prophet's pages;
Now, to end the reign of night,
Christ His power engages.
O that blessed, &c.

XXVIII. The Cherry Tree Carol.



* This chord will be required for verses 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.

2.

As they went a walking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree

3.

Mary said to Joseph,
With her sweet lips so mild,
" Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
For to give to my Child."

4.

" O then," replied Joseph,
With words so unkind,
" I will pluck no cherries,
For to give to thy Child."

5.

Mary said to cherry tree,
" Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries,
By one two and three."

6.

The uppermost sprig then
Bowed down to her knee:
" Thus you may see, Joseph,
These cherries are for me."

7.

" O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

8.

As Joseph was a walking
He heard Angels sing,
" This night there shall be born
Our heavenly King.

9.

" He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox-stall.

10.

" He shall not be clothèd
In purple nor pall;
But all in fair linen,
As wear babies all.

11.

" He shall not be rockèd
In silver nor gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

12.

" He neither shall be christened
In milk nor in wine,
But in pure spring-well water,
Fresh sprung from Bethine."

13.

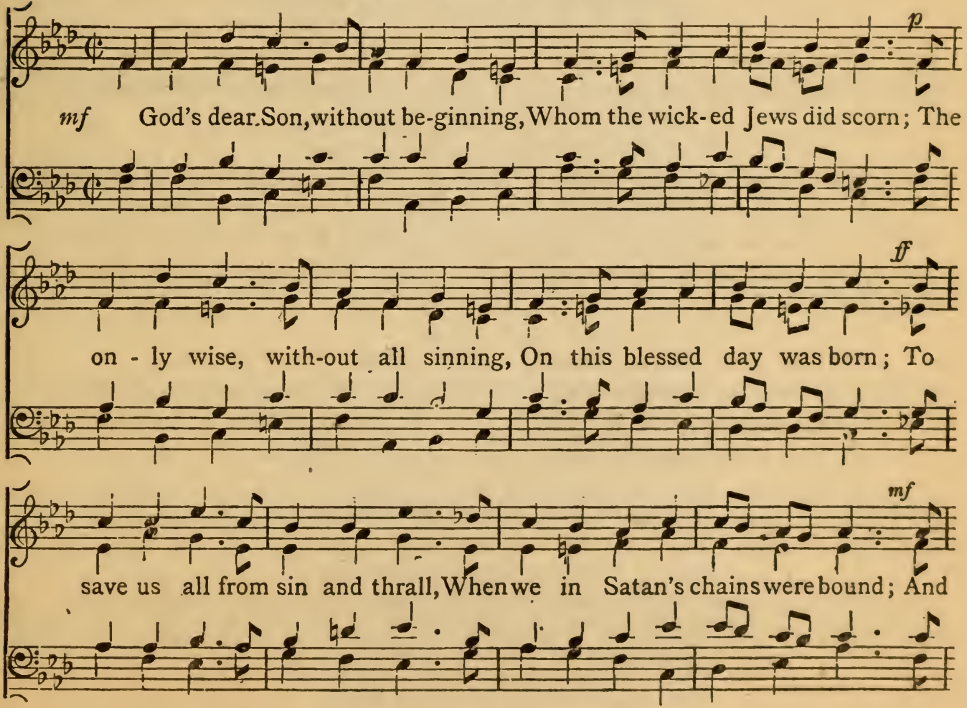
Mary took her baby,
She dressed Him so sweet,
She laid Him in a manger
All there for to sleep.

14.

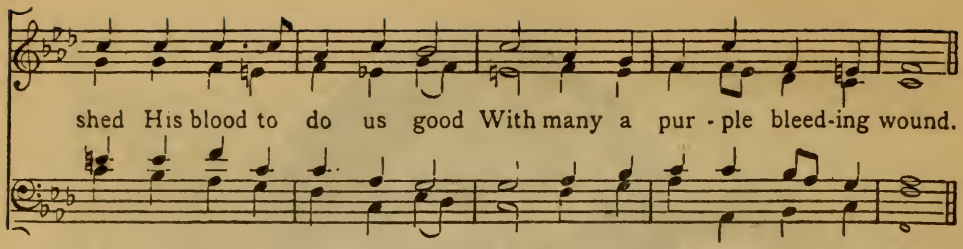
As she stood over Him
She heard Angels sing,
" Oh! bless our dear Saviour,
Our heavenly King."

XXIX.

God's dear Son.



* This chord will be required for verses 3 and 4.
† This chord must be omitted in verses 2, 3, 5 and 6.



2.

Bethlehem, King David's city,
Birth-place of that Babe we find,
God and Man endued with pity,
And the Saviour of mankind:
Yet Jewry land, with cruel hand,
Both first and last His power denied;
When He was born they did Him scorn,
And shewed Him malice when He died.

3.

No princely palace for our Saviour
In Judea could be found,
But sweet Mary's meek behaviour
Patiently upon the ground
Her Babe did place, in vile disgrace,
Where oxen in their stalls did feed;
No midwife mild had this sweet Child,
Nor woman's help at mother's need.

4.

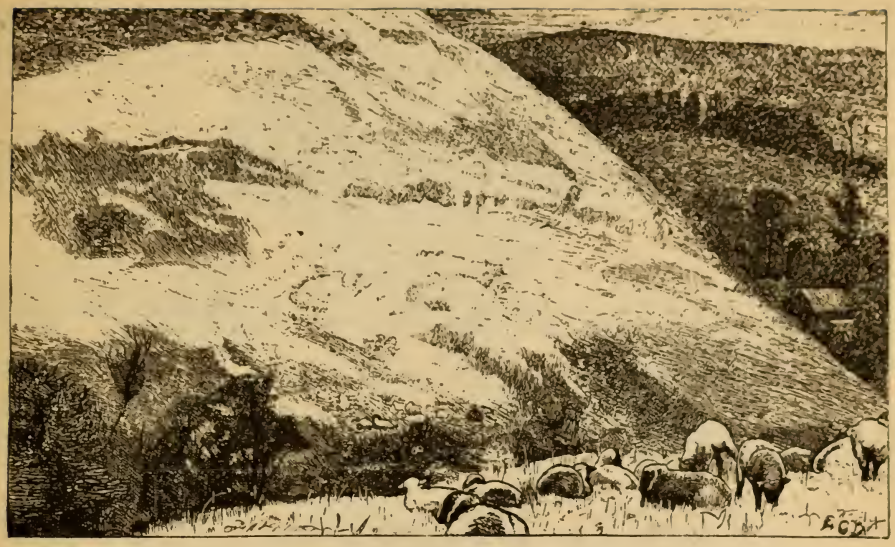
No kingly robes nor golden treasure
Decked the birth-day of God's Son;
No pompous train at all took pleasure
To the King of kings to run;
No mantle brave could Jesus have
Upon His cradle cold to lie;
No music's charms in nurse's arms
To sing that Babe a lullaby.

5.

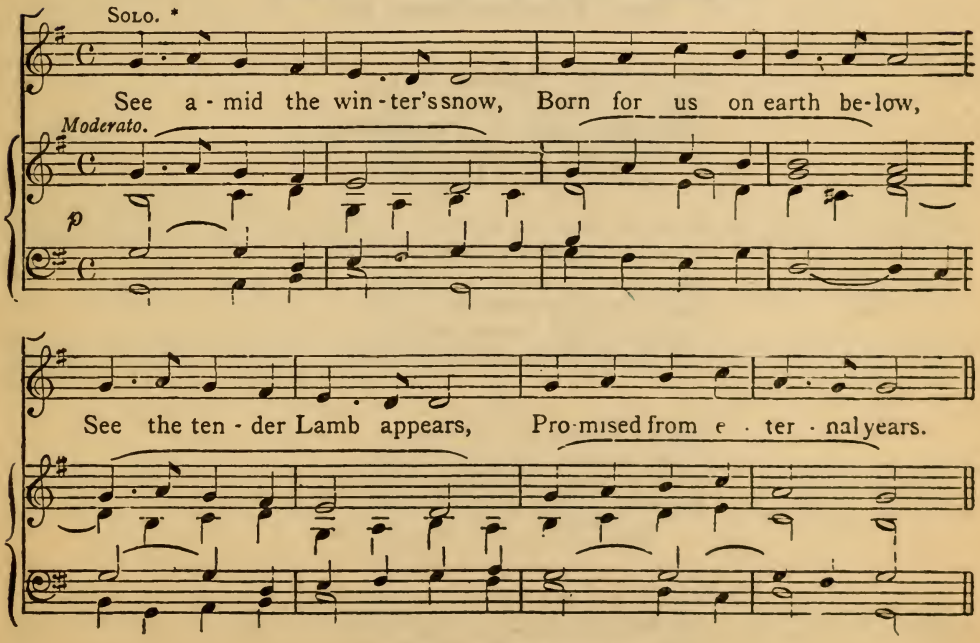
Yet, as Mary sat in solace
By our Saviour's cradle side,
Hosts of Angels from God's Palace,
Singing sweet through Heaven so wide:
Yea, Heaven and earth, at Jesu's Birth,
With sweet melodious tunes abound;
And every thing to Jewry's King,
Through all the world gives cheerful sound.

6.

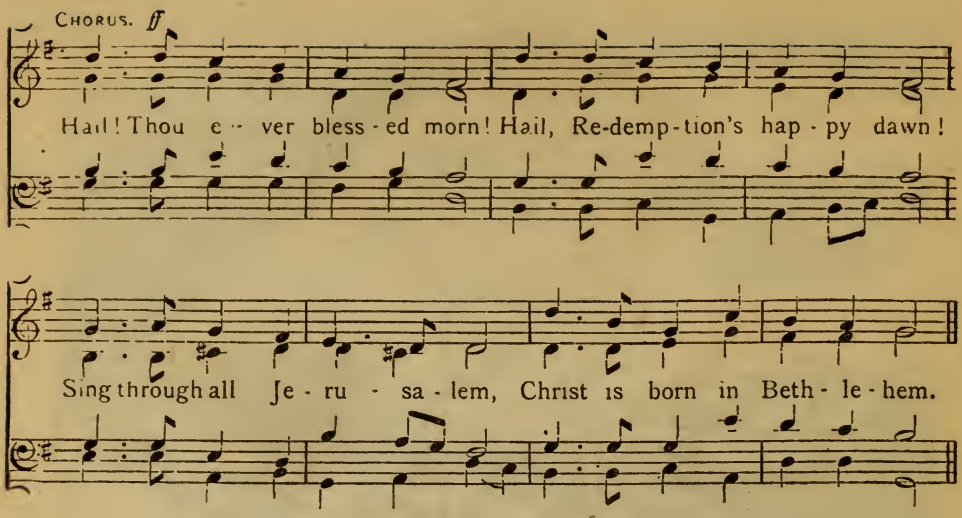
Now to Him that hath redeemed us
By His death on holy Rood,
And as sinners so esteemed us,
As to buy us with His Blood,
Yield lasting fame, that still the Name
Of Jesus may be honoured here;
And let us say that Christmas Day
Is still the best day in the year.



XXX. Hymn for Christmas Day.



* Treble or Tenor, or alternately



2.

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He, who throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.

3.

Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.

4.

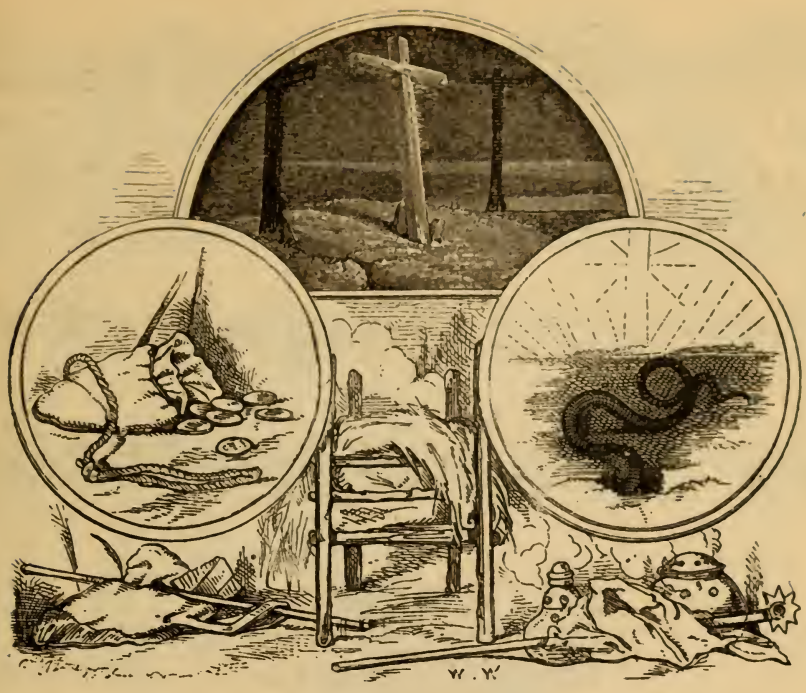
"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's Birth."
Hail! Thou ever blessed, &c.

5.

Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.

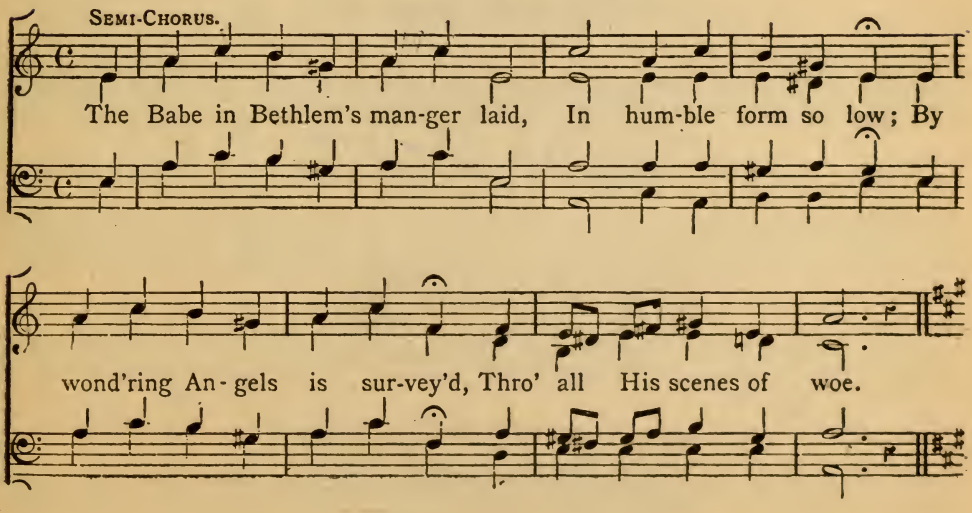
6.

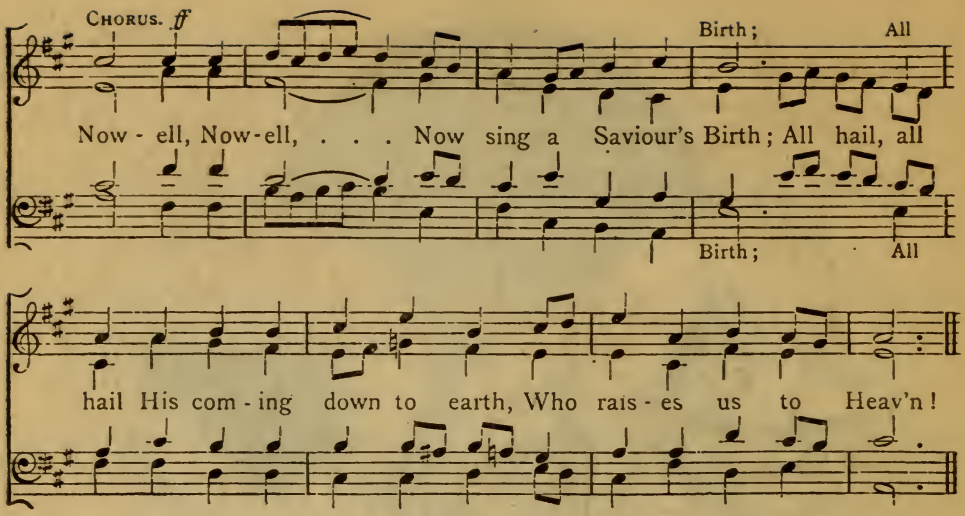
Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail! Thou ever-blessed, &c.



XXXI.

The Babe of Bethlehem.





2.

A Saviour! sinners all around
Sing, shout the wondrous word;
Let every bosom hail the sound,
A Saviour! Christ the Lord.
Nowell, Nowell, &c.

3.

For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy,
He came for sinners to atone,
And Satan to destroy.
Nowell, Nowell, &c.

4.

To preach the Word of Life Divine,
And feed with living Bread,
To heal the sick with hand benign,
And raise to life the dead.
Nowell, Nowell, &c.

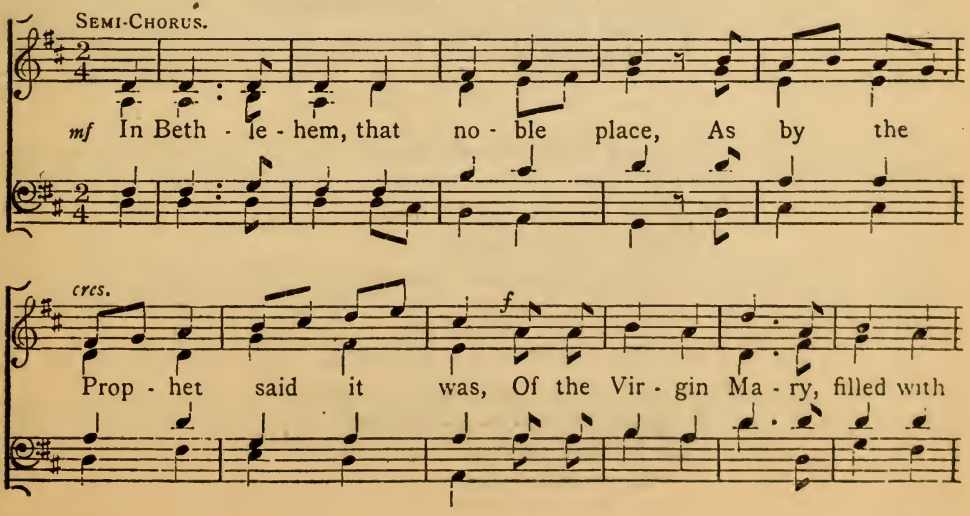
5.

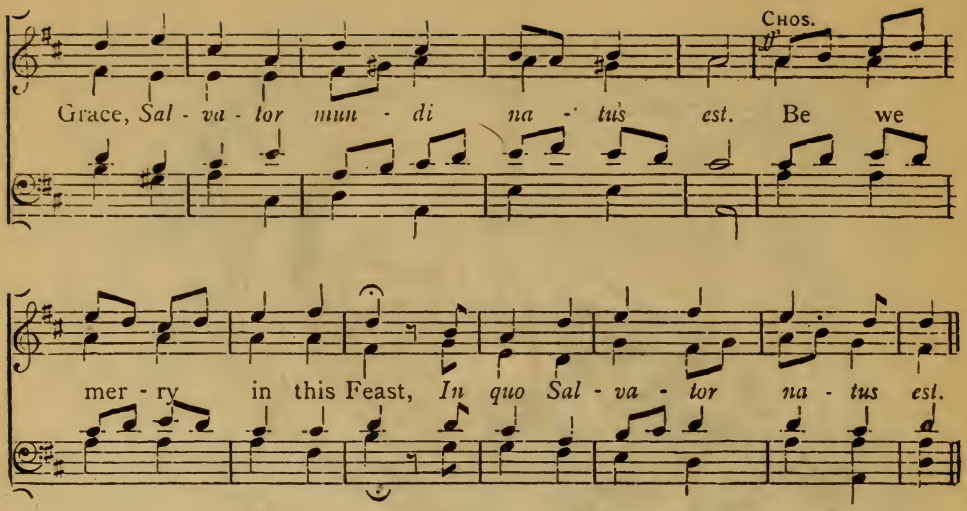
He preached, He suffered, bled and died.
Uplift 'twixt earth and skies;
In sinners' stead was crucified,
For sin a sacrifice.
Nowell, Nowell, &c.

6.

Well may we sing a Saviour's Birth,
Who need the Grace so given,
And hail His coming down to earth,
Who raises us to Heaven.
Nowell, Nowell, &c.

XXXII. In Bethlehem, that noble place.





2.

On Christmas night an Angel told
The shepherds watching by their fold,
In Bethlehem, full nigh the wold,
" *Salvator mundi natus est.*"
Be we merry, &c.

3.

The shepherds were encompassed right,
About them shone a glorious light,
" Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright,
" *Salvator mundi natus est.*"
Be we merry, &c.

4.

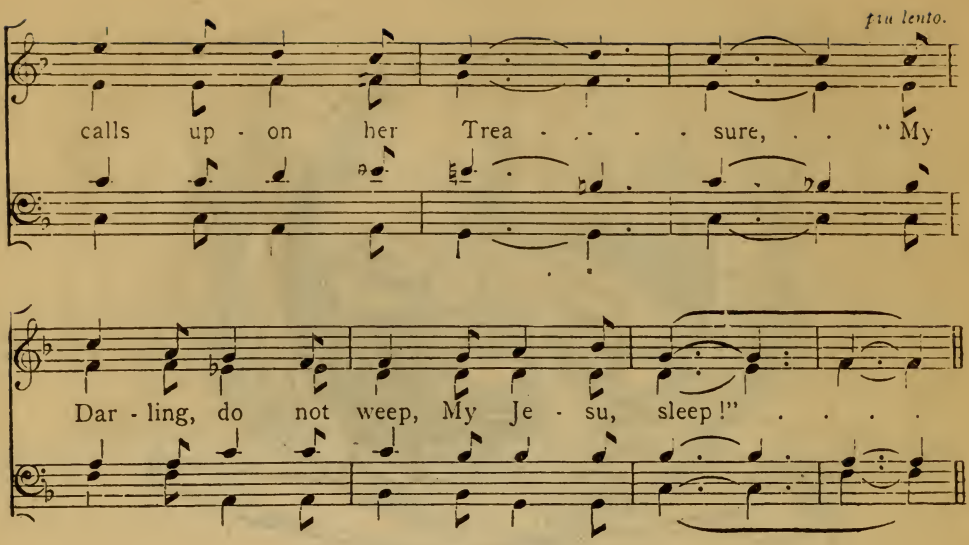
" No cause have ye to be afraid,
For why? this day is Jesus laid
On Mary's lap, that gentle maid:
Salvator mundi natus est.
Be we merry, &c.

5.

" And thus in faith find Him ye shall
Laid poorly in an ox's stall."
The shepherds then lauded God all,
Quia Salvator natus est.
Be we merry, &c.

A Cradle-Song of the Blessed Virgin.

XXXIII.



2.

O Lamb, my love inviting,
O Star, my soul delighting,
O Flower of mine own bearing,
O Jewel past comparing!
My Darling, &c.

3.

My Child, of Might indwelling,
My Sweet, all sweets excelling,
Of bliss the Fountain flowing,
The Dayspring ever glowing,
My Darling, &c.

4.

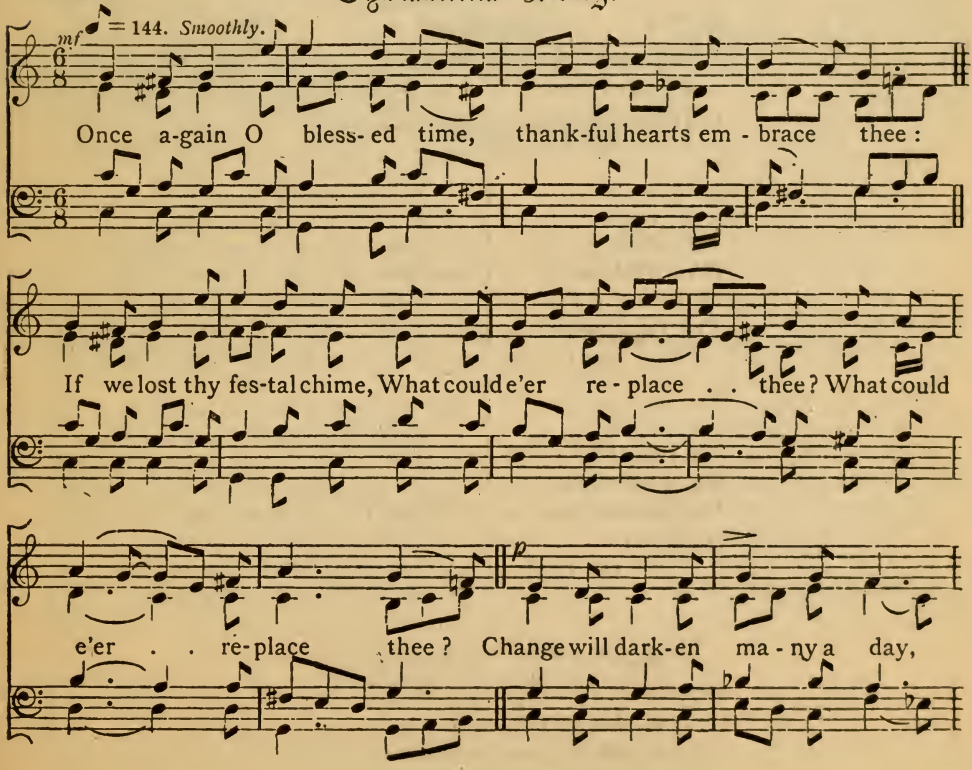
My Joy, my Exultation,
My spirit's Consolation;
My Son, my Spouse, my Brother,
O listen to Thy Mother!
My Darling, &c.

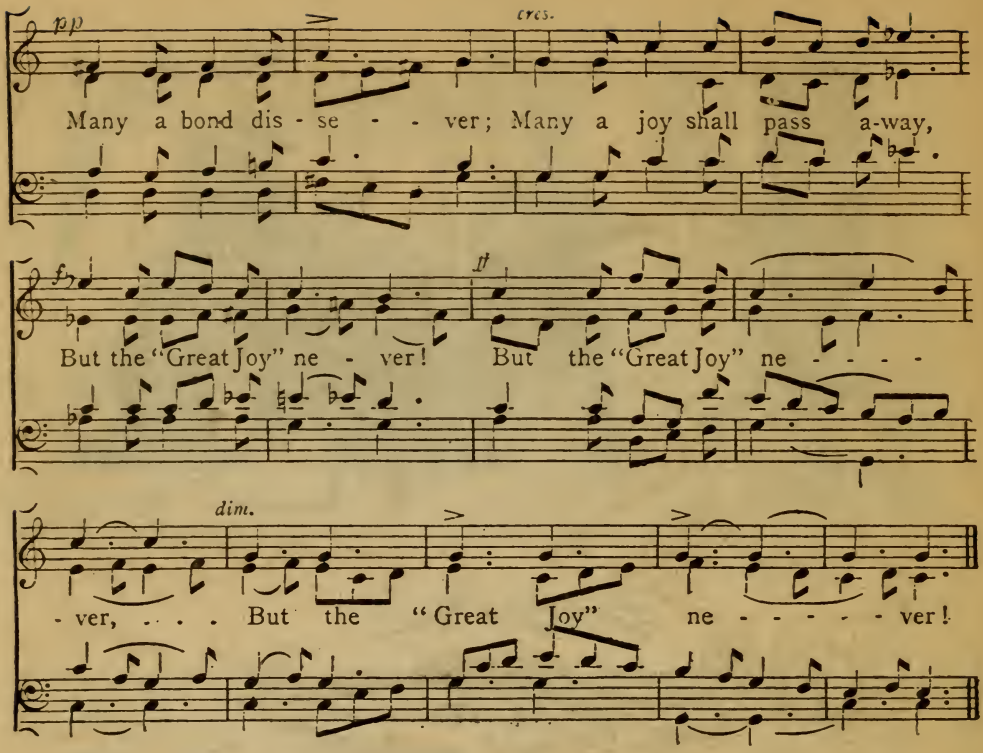
5.

Say, would'st Thou heavenly sweetness,
Or love of answering meetness?
Or is fit music wanting?
Ho! Angels, raise your chanting!
My Darling, &c.

XXXIV.

Christmas Song.





2.

Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation?

3.

Welcome Thou to soul's athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure:
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

4.

Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
JESUS CHRIST is GOD with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

5.

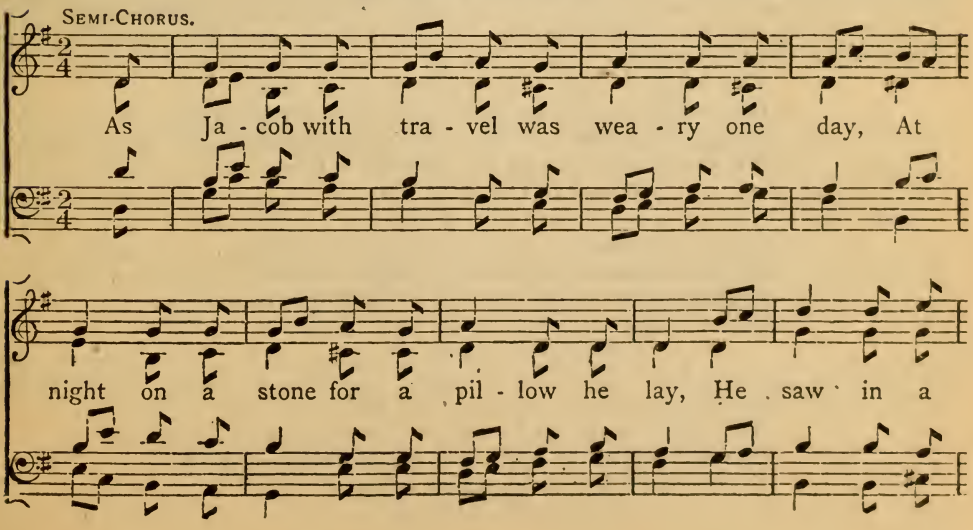
So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee true GOD, and Thee true Man
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birthday morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy's ocean.

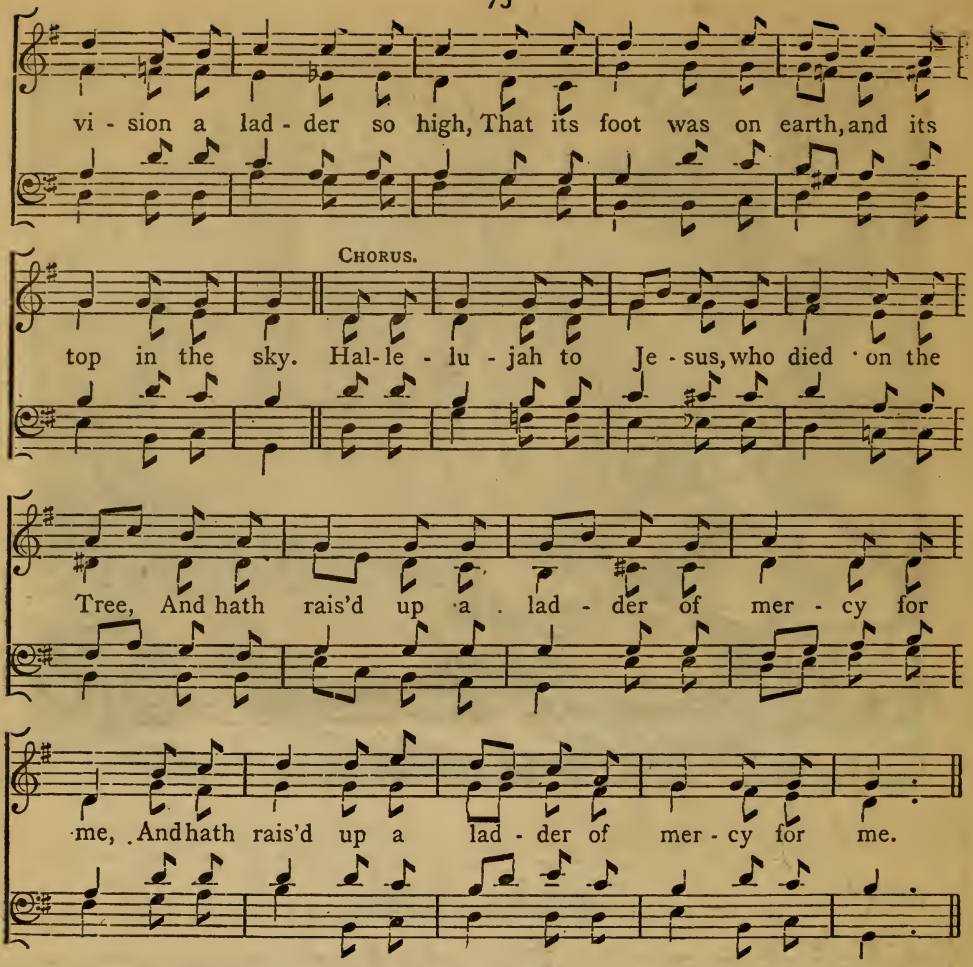
6.

Thou that once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise for ever.

XXXV

Jacob's Ladder.





2.

This ladder is long, it is strong and well-made,
Has stood hundreds of years and is not yet decayed;
Many millions have climbed it and reached Sion's hill,
And thousands by faith are climbing it still.
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

3.

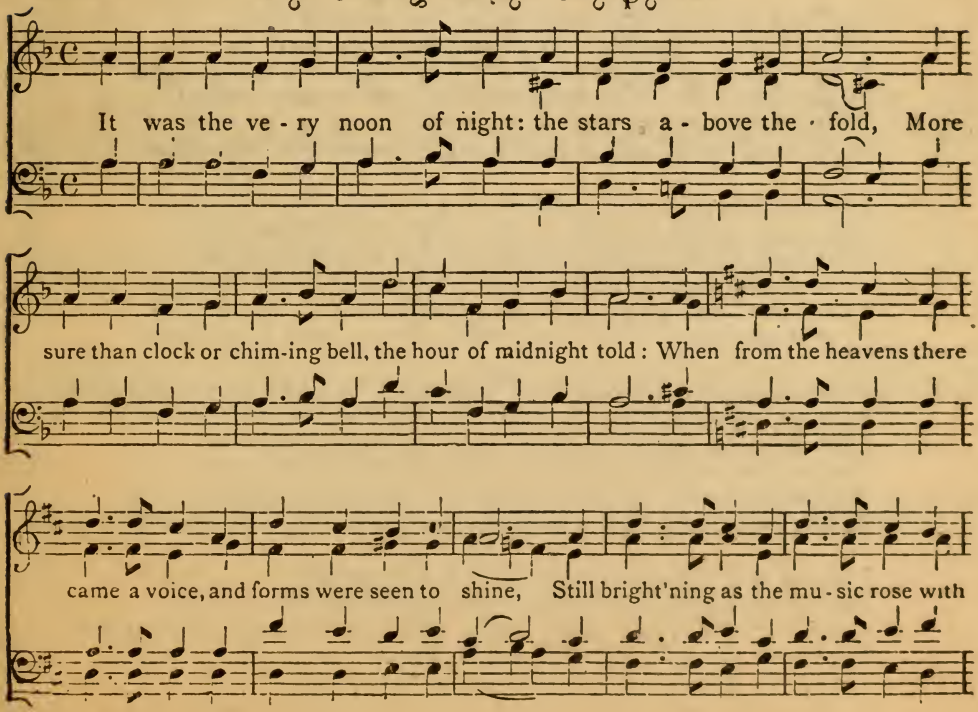
Come let us ascend: all may climb it who will;
For the Angels of Jacob are guarding it still:
And remember each step, that by faith we pass o'er,
Some Prophet or Martyr hath trod it before.
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

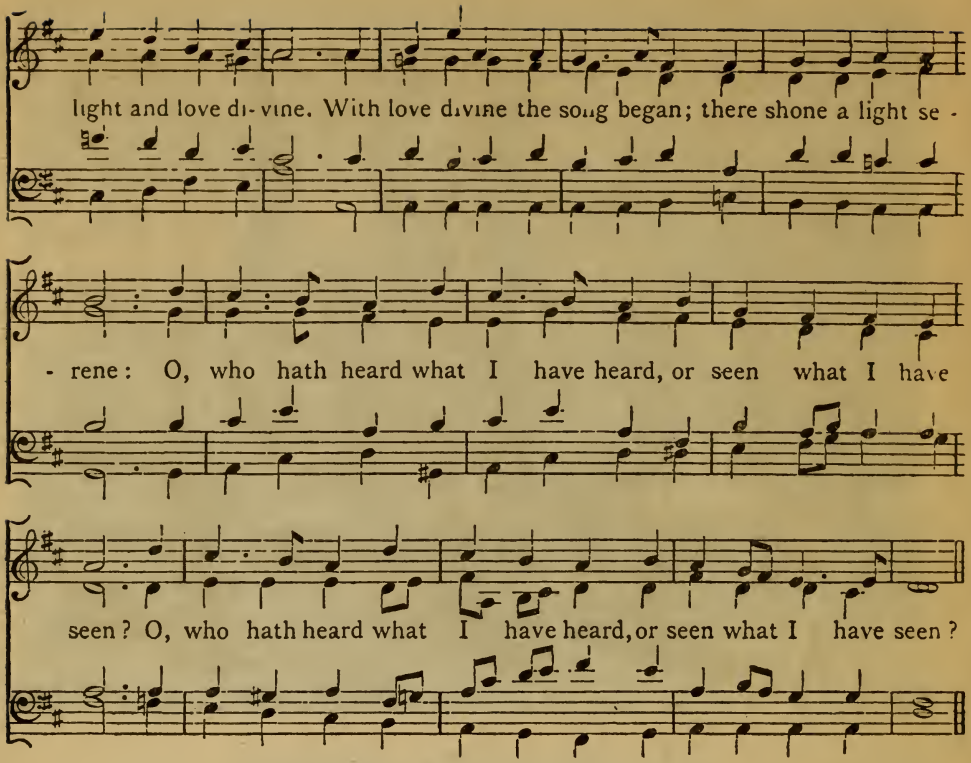
4.

And when we arrive at the haven of rest
We shall hear the glad words, "Come up hither, ye blest,
Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss."
O, who would not climb such a ladder as this?
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c.

XXXVI.

The Story of the Shepherd.





2.

O ne'er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising day
With sweetness like that bird of song in his immortal lay:
O ne'er were wood-notes heard at eve by banks with poplar shade
So thrilling as the concert sweet by heavenly harpings made;
For love divine was in each chord, and fill'd each pause between:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

3.

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray
Of summer lightning; all around so bright the splendour lay.
For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to see that glory shine,
To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of Love Divine,
To see that form with birdlike wings, of more than mortal mien:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

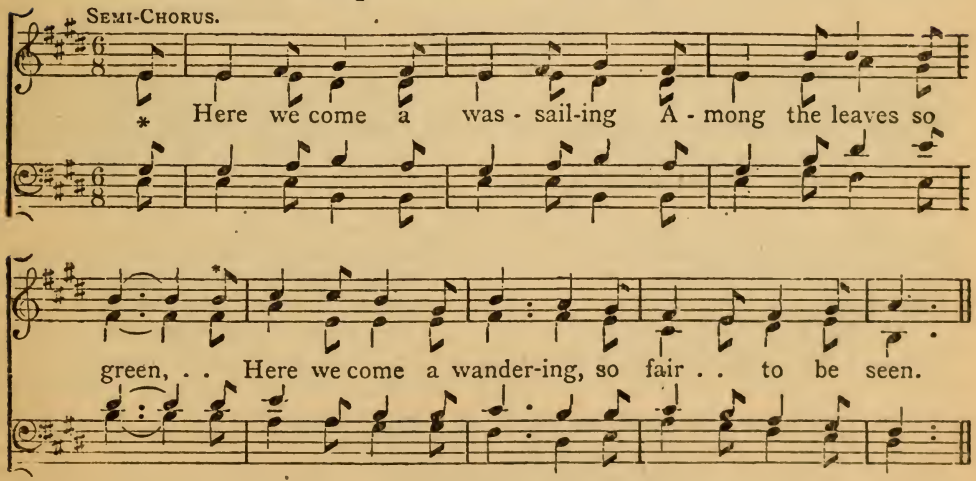
4.

When once the rapturous trance was past, that so my sense could bind,
I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the western wind;
I left them, for instead of snow, I trod on blade and flower,
And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour,
Revealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been;
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

5.

I hasted to a low-roofed shed, for so the Angel bade;
And bowed before the lowly rack where Love Divine was laid:
A new-born Babe, like tender Lamb, with Lion's strength there smiled,
For Lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child;
That Love Divine in childlike form had God for ever been:
O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

XXXVII. The Wassail Song.



* This note is required for verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 8

2.

Our wassail-cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley.
Love and joy, &c.

3.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbour's children
Whom you have seen before.
Love and joy, &c.

4.

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.
Love and joy, &c.

5.

We have a little purse
Made of ratching* leather skin ;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
Love and joy, &c.

6.

Call up the Butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring ;
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.
Love and joy, &c.

7.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth ;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.
Love and joy, &c.

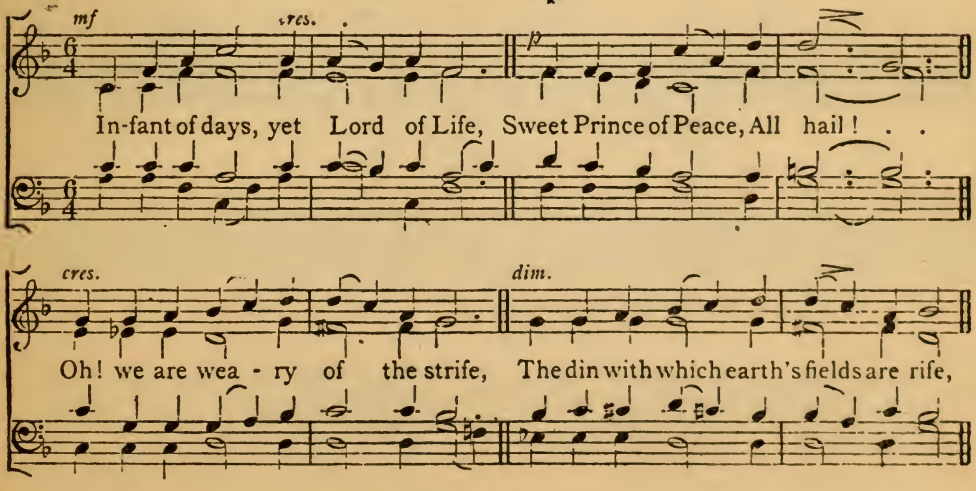
8.

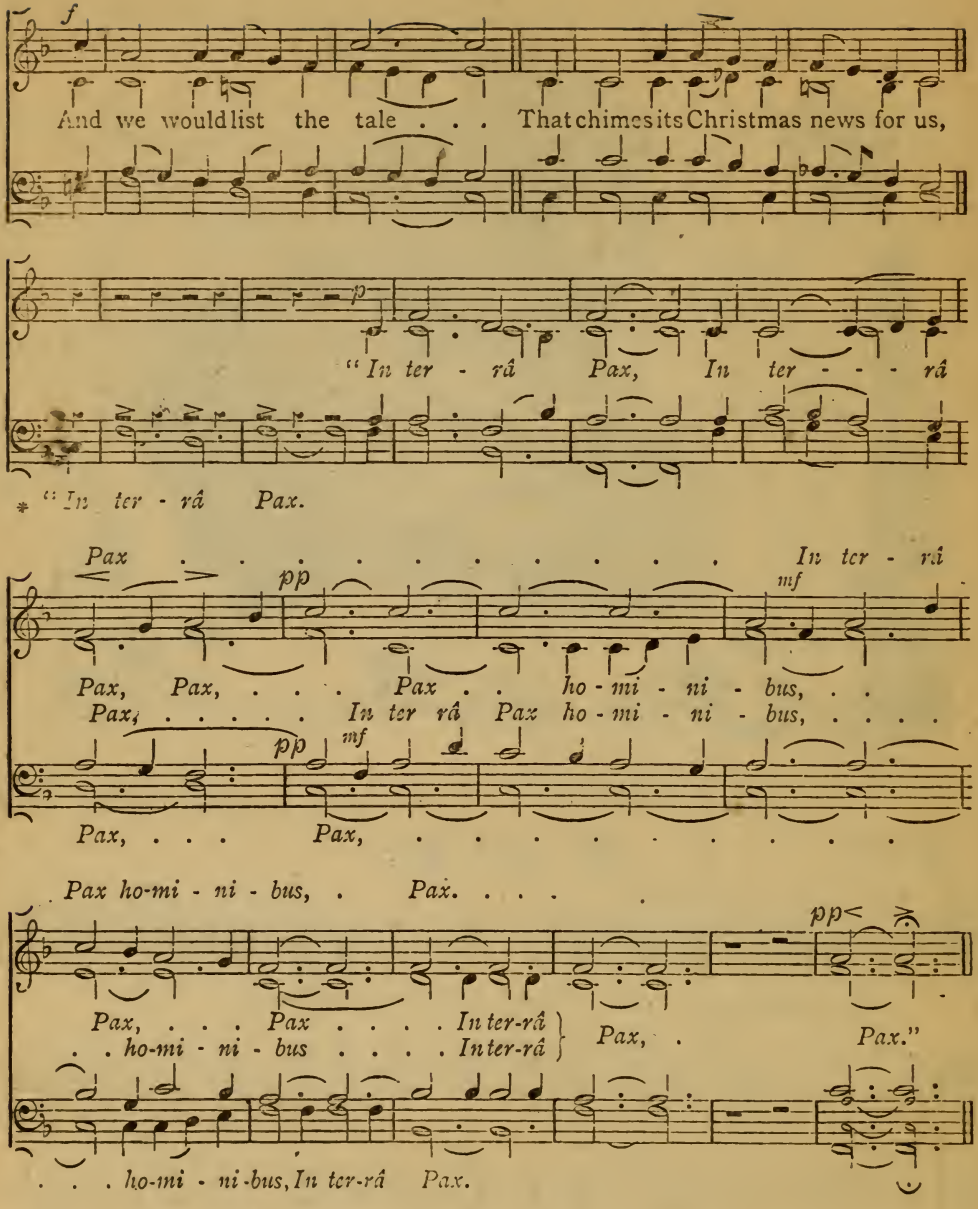
God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the Mistress too ;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy, &c.

* Leather that will stretch.

XXXVIII.

In terrâ Pax.





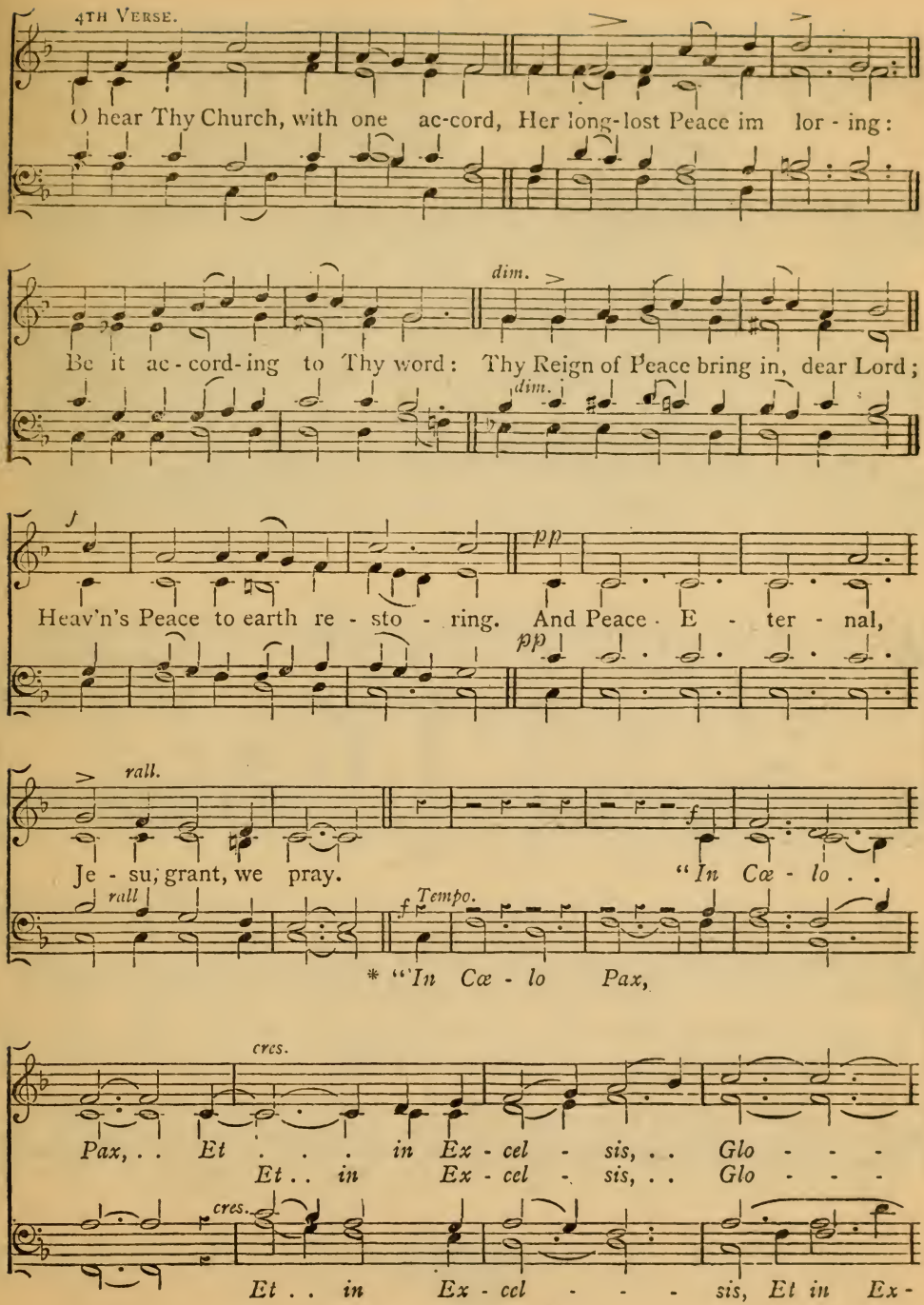
2

"Peace I leave with you," was again
Thy dying Gift to earth;
Sweet echo of the lingering strain
Of Christmas morn, the glad refrain
Of Anthems at Thy Birth;
When Angel choirs hymned forth to us
"In terrâ Pax hominibus."

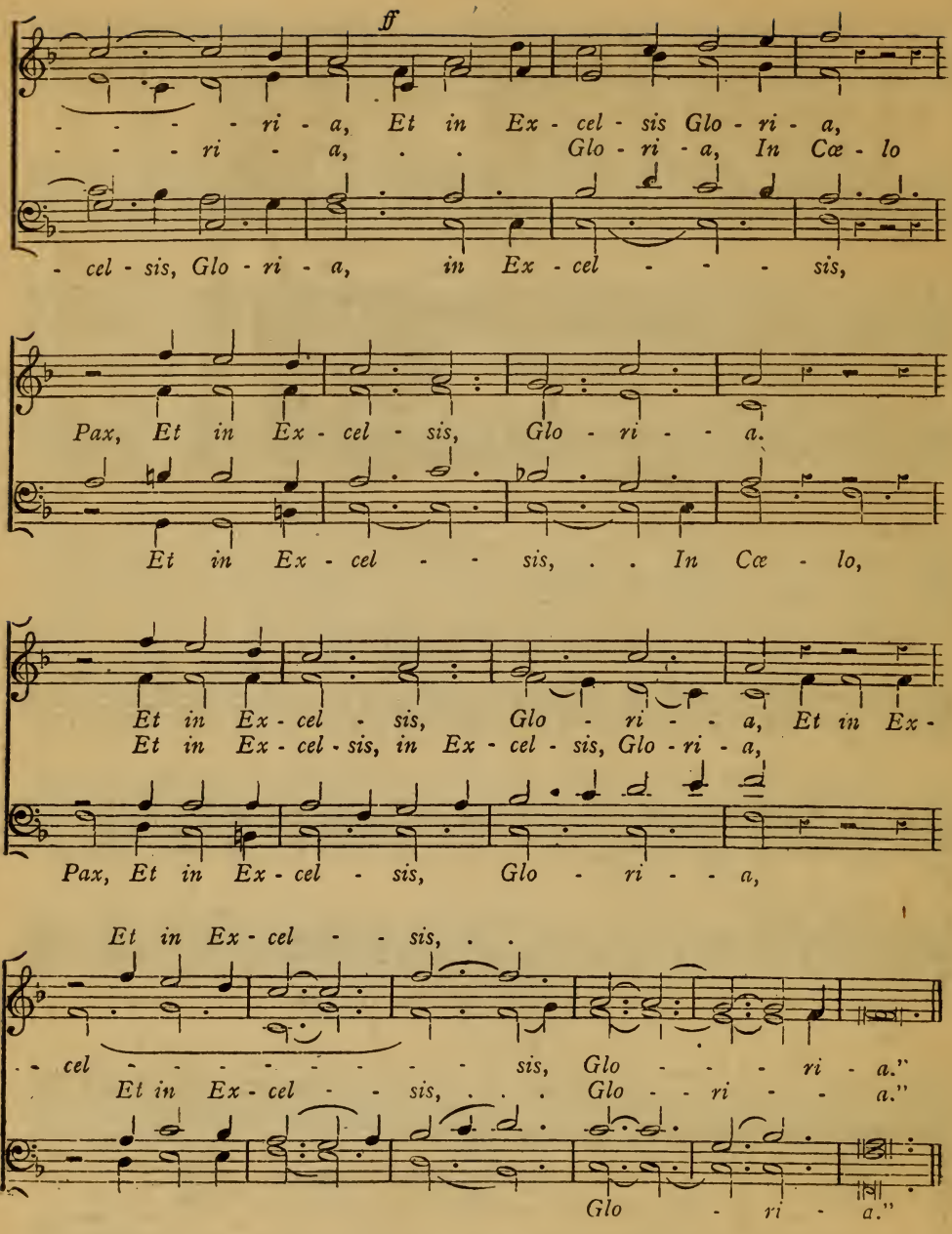
3.

O olive Branch! O Dove of Peace!
Brooding o'er stormy waters!
When shall the flood of woe decrease?
When shall the dreary conflict cease,
And earth's sad sons and daughters
With glad hearts hail Thy word to us,
"In terrâ Pax hominibus?"

* S. Luke ii., 14.


4TH VERSE.
O hear Thy Church, with one ac-cord, Her long-lost Peace im lor - ing:
dim.
Be it ac - cord - ing to Thy word: Thy Reign of Peace bring in, dear Lord;
dim.
f
pp
Heav'n's Peace to earth re - sto - ring. And Peace E - ter - nal,
pp
rall.
Je - su, grant, we pray.
"In Cœ - lo . .
rall
f Tempo.
* "In Cœ - lo Pax,
cres.
Pax, . . Et . . . in Ex - cel - sis, . . Glo - - -
Et . . in Ex - cel - sis, . . Glo - - -
cres.
Et . . in Ex - cel - - - sis, Et in Ex -

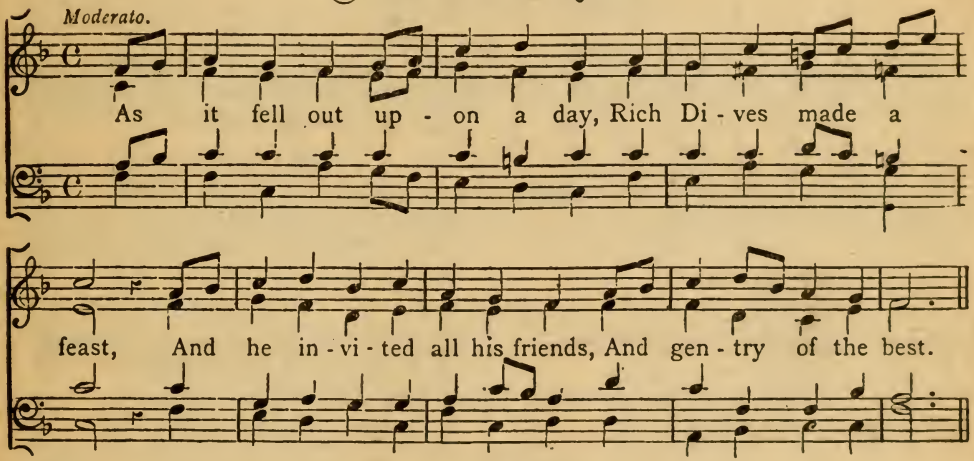
* S. Luke xix., 38.


ff
- - - - - ri - a, Et in Ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a,
- - - - ri - a, . . Glo - ri - a, In Cæ - lo
- cel - sis, Glo - ri - a, in Ex - cel - - - - sis,
Pax, Et in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - - a.
Et in Ex - cel - - sis, . . In Cæ - lo,
Et in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - - a, Et in Ex -
Et in Ex - cel - sis, in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - a,
Pax, Et in Ex - cel - sis, Glo - ri - - a,
Et in Ex - cel - - sis, . .
- - cel - - - - - - - - - sis, Glo - - - - ri - a."
Et in Ex - cel - - sis, . . . Glo - - ri - - a."
Glo - ri - a."

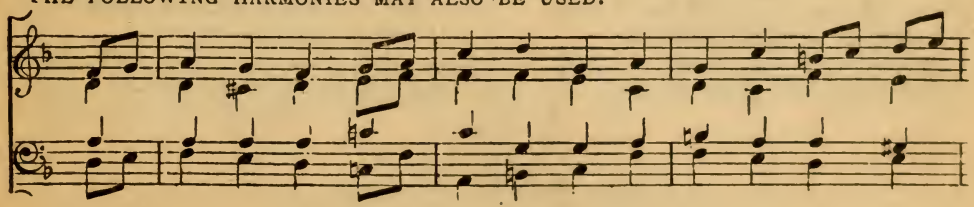
XXXIX.

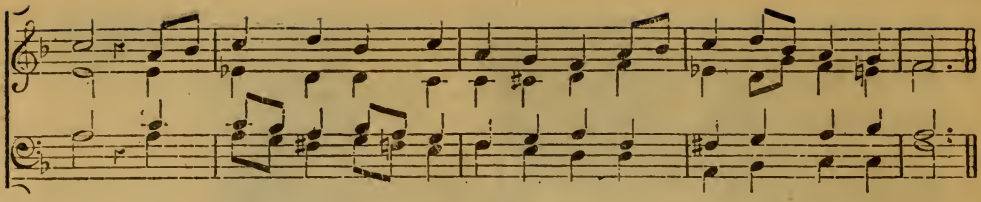
Dives and Lazarus.

Moderato.



THE FOLLOWING HARMONIES MAY ALSO BE USED.





2.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' door;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

3.

Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
Nor bestow upon the poor.

4.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and down
And down at Dives' wall;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Or with hunger starve I shall.]

5.

[Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my wall;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
But with hunger starve you shall.]

6.

[Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' gate;
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ His sake.]

7.

[Thou'rt none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate;
Nor meat nor drink will I give to thee,
For Jesus Christ His sake.].

8.

[Then Dives sent out his merry men,
To whip poor Lazarus away;
They had no power to strike a stroke.
But flung their whips away.]

9.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite him as he lay;
They had no power to bite at all,
But licked his sores away.

10.

As it fell out upon a day,
Poor Lazarus sickened and died;
There came two Angels out of Heaven,
His soul therein to guide.

11.

[Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me;
There's a place in Heaven prepared for thee,
To sit upon an Angel's knee.]

12.

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died;
There came two serpents out of Hell,
His soul therein to guide.

13.

[Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me;
There's a place in Hell prepared for thee.
To sit upon a serpent's knee.]

14.

Then Dives looked with burning eyes,
And saw poor Lazarus blest:
One drop of water, Lazarus,
To quench my flaming thirst!

15.

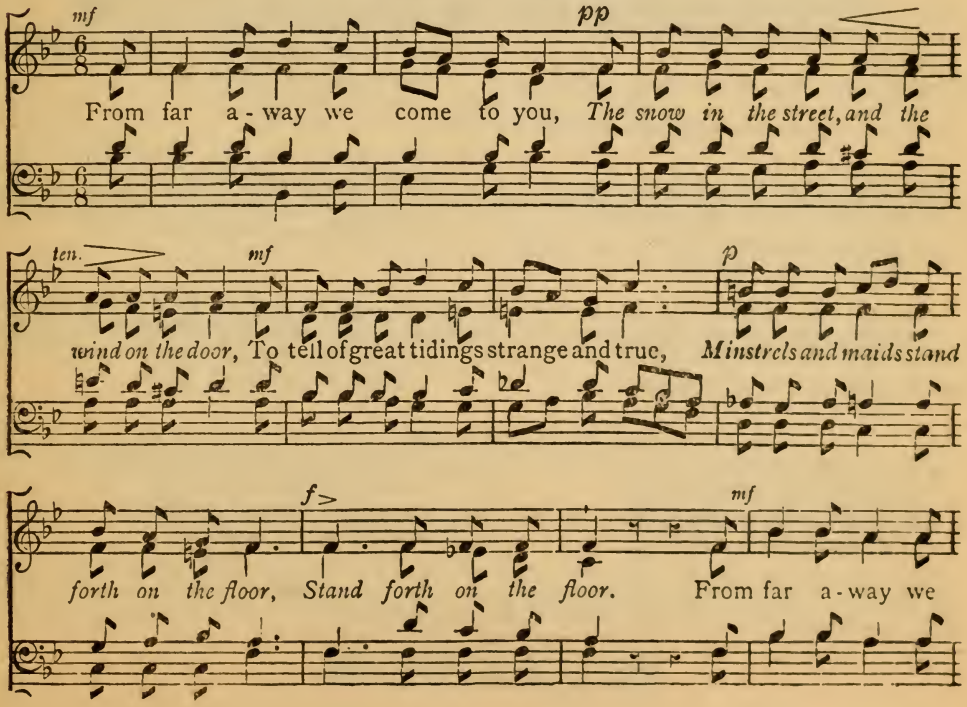
Oh! had I as many years to abide
As there are blades of grass,
Then there would be an end: but now
Hell's pains will never pass.

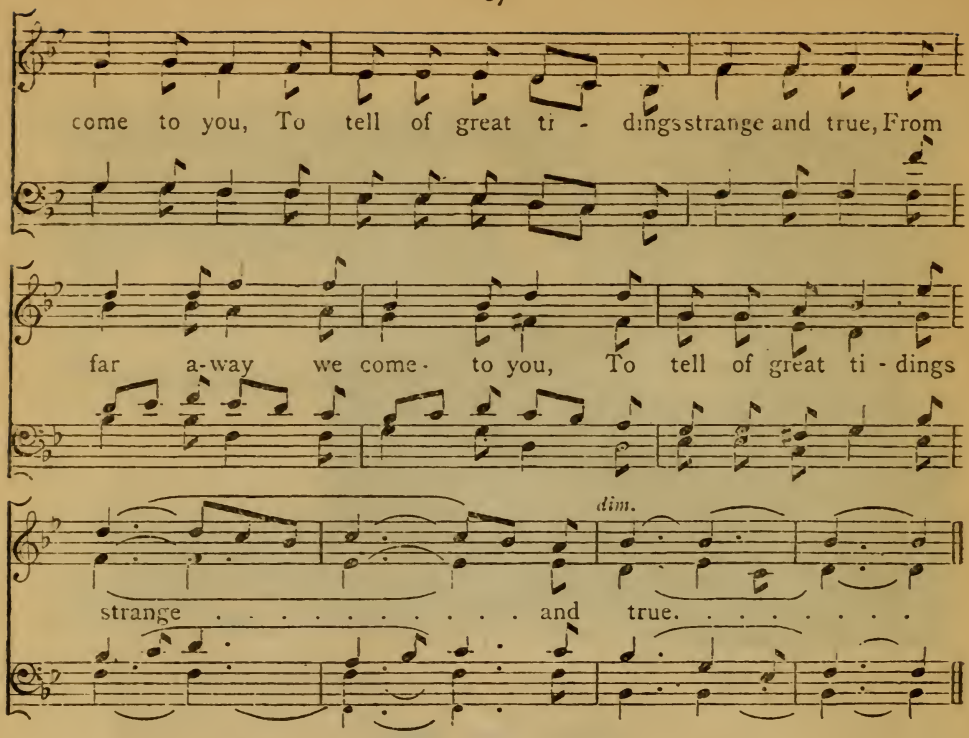
16.

[Oh! were I but alive again,
For the space of one half hour,
I would make my peace and so secure
That the Devil should have no power!]

XL.

From far away.





2.

or as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
What hap do you deem there should us betide?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

3.

Under a bent when the night was deep,
The snow in the street &c.
There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,
Minstrels and maids &c.

4.

"O ye shepherds, what have ye seen,
The snow in the street &c.
To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
Minstrels and maids &c.

5.

"In an ox-stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street &c.
A Babe and a Maid without a flaw,
Minstrels and maids &c.

6.

There was an old man there beside;
The snow in the street &c.
His hair was white, and his hood was wide,
Minstrels and maids &c.

7.

And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street &c.
Those twain knelt down to the little One,
Minstrels and maids &c.

8.

And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street &c.
That slew our sorrow and healed our care,"
Minstrels and maids &c.

9.

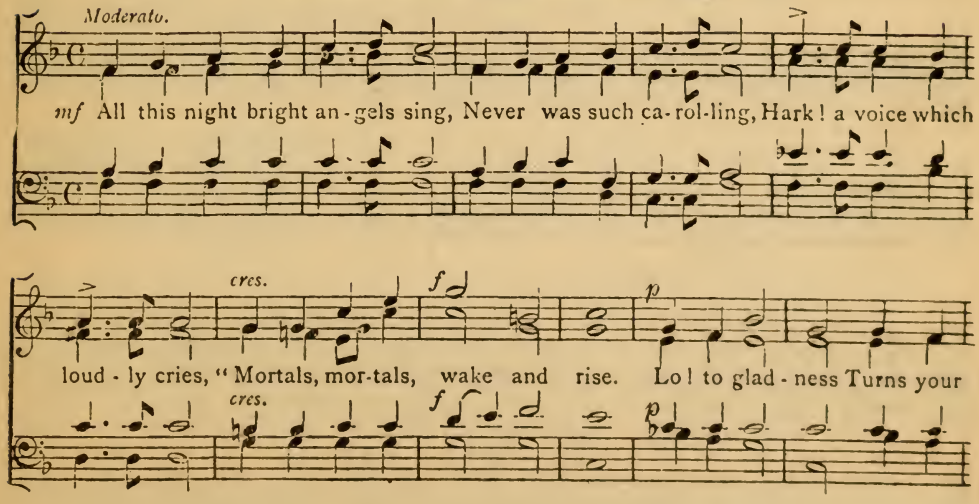
News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street &c.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing!
Minstrels and maids &c.

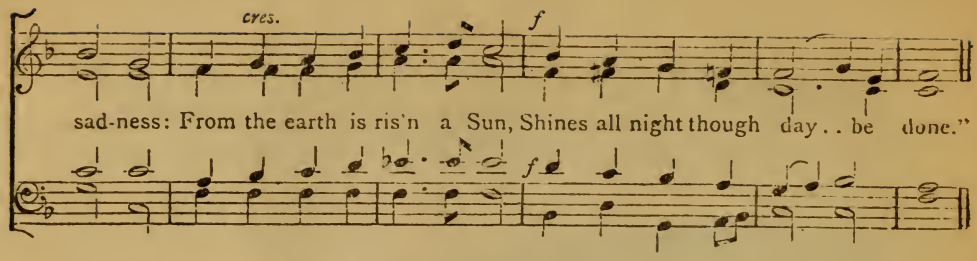
N.B.—In the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 9th verses, the melody in the first bar will need the following slight modification, in order to fit it to the accent of the words:

And a corresponding change must be made in the subsequent parts of the melody where the same words recur.

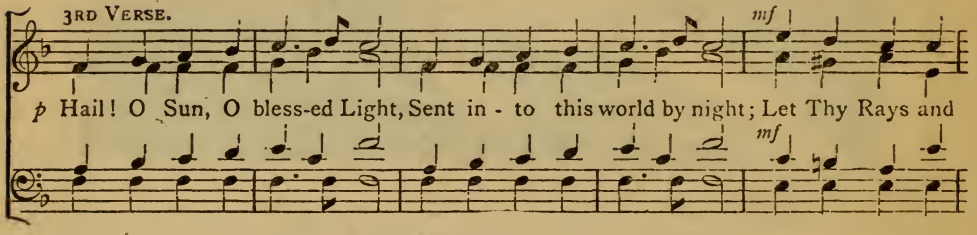
XLI.

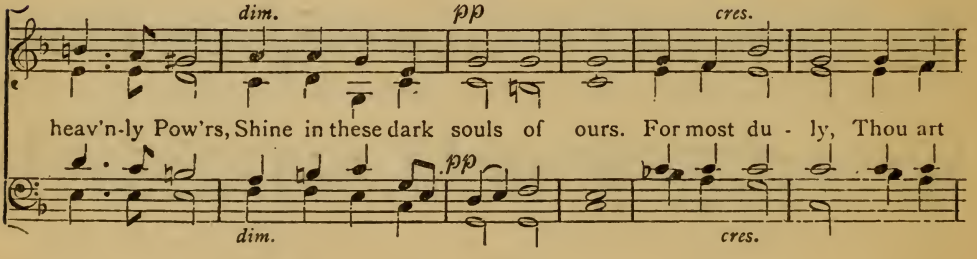
Carol for Christmas Day.

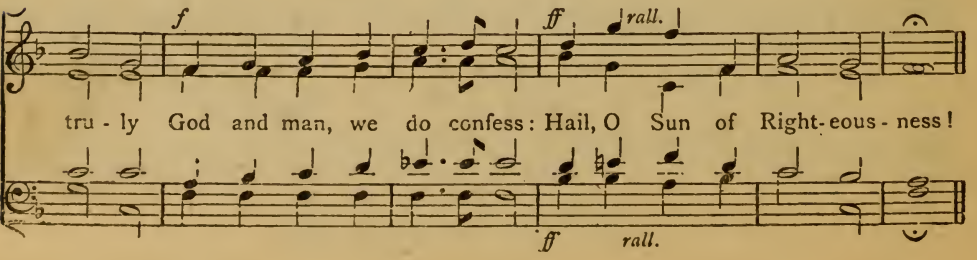




2. Wake, O earth, wake everything,
Wake and hear the joy I bring:
Wake and joy; for all this night,
Heaven and every twinkling light,
All amazing,
Still stand gazing;
Angels, Powers, and all that be,
Wake, and joy this Sun to see.







XLII.

The Child Jesus in the Garden.

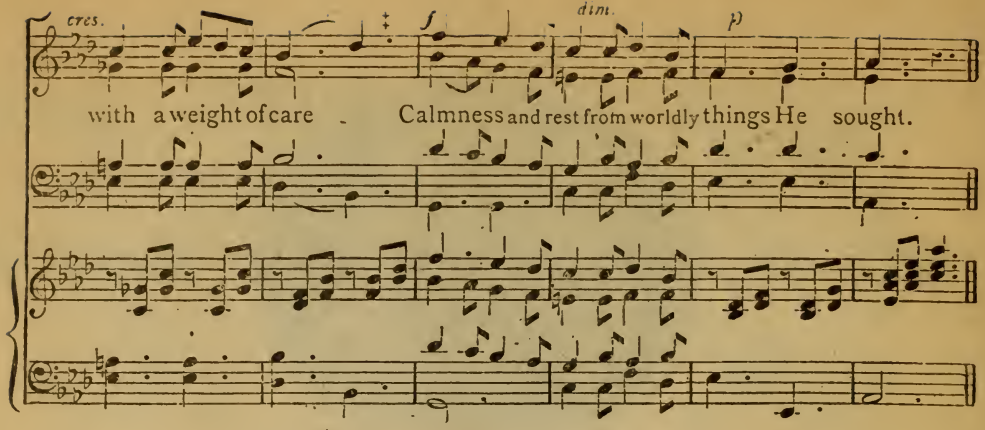
Voices, and Accompt. to verses 3, 5, 9.

Cold was the day . when in a gar-den bare . . Walked the Child

Moderato.

Accompt. to verses 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

Je-sus wrapt in ho . - ly . thought; . . His brow seemed cloud - ed



2. Soon was His presence missed within his home
His Mother gently marked His every way:
Forth then she came to seek where He did roam,
Full of sweet words His trouble to allay.

p 3. Through chilling snow she toiled to reach His side,
Forcing her way 'mid branches black and sere;
Hastening, that she His sorrows might divide,
Share all His woe, or calm His gloomy fear.

Solo. 4. "Speak, gentle Lord;" she cried with reverent love,
"Tell me, I pray, what griefs around Thee press,
Though I of earth, and Thou from Heaven above
I am Thy Mother: what doth Thee distress?"

Chorus. pp 5. Sweet was her face as o'er His head she bent;
Longing to melt His look of saddest grief,
With lifted eyes His ear to her He lent;
Her kindly solace brought His soul relief.

f 6. Then did He smile, a smile of love so deep,
Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow,
From drooping branches scented blossoms peep,
Up springs the grass, the sealèd fountains flow.

7. Summer and spring did each with other vie,
Offering to Him the fragrance of their store;
Chanting sweet notes the birds around Him fly,
Wondering why earth had chequered so her floor.

Solo. 8. Then round His Mother lilies white entwined,
Fresh as her love, and chaste as she was pure;
About His head the Passion-flowers did bind,
Type of the sufferings He must soon endure.

Chorus. pp 9. Hid in the wreath was many a cruel thorn;
Yet on His brow He placed it, full of joy:
Full well He knew why He on earth was born,
How by His Blood He should our woes destroy.

f 10. Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas hours,
Sorrow, like snow, will melt if He but smile;
And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,
Amidst thy mirth, think on His thorns awhile.

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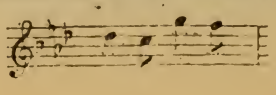
* When the melody is sung as a Tenor Solo the bar between the asterisks may be thus sung:



† v. 8. A | bout His | head.

‡ v. 10. A | midst Thy | mirth.

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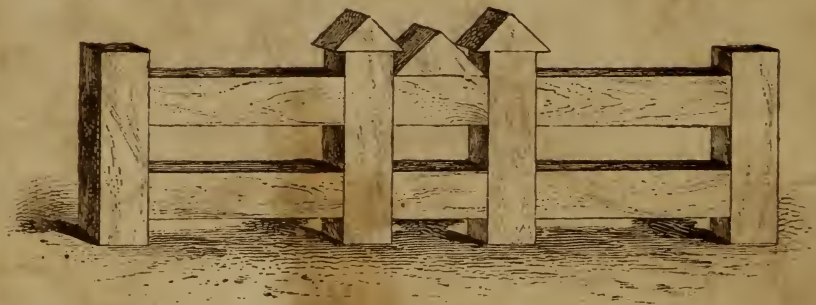

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